Table of Contents

1. Copyright and Credits
2. Background
3. Super Edition: Yellowstar's Vengeance
4. Allegiances
5. Prologue
6. Chapter 1
7. Chapter 2
8. Chapter 3
9. Chapter 4
10. Chapter 5
11. Chapter 6
12. Chapter 7

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This book is inspired by Erin Hunter's *Warriors* series. Like I've said, this is a fanfiction. All credit goes to Working Partners, Kate Cary, Cherith Baldry, Victoria Holmes, Tui T. Sutherland, Clarissa Hutton, Gillian Phillip, and Inbali Iserles. I do not own *Warriors*.

That being said, look to the next page for background.

Background

Let me make this quick.

This is a Super Edition for one of my OCs (original characters,) Yellowstar.

Super Edition: Yellowstar's Vengeance

By: ii_txger

All Rights Reserved

Allegiances

ThunderClan

Lots of cats

ShadowClan

LEADER **SCORCHSTAR**—red, brown mackerel tabby tom with canary yellow eyes, a cream underbelly, cream legs, and a light gray tail tip (his mate was Ferretfang—dark gray mackerel tabby she-cat with yellow-green eyes, but she died)

DEPUTY **OPALBREEZE**—tall black she-cat with neon blue eyes and half of a tail, smells of freshly cut grass (eventually dies of Yelloweye LOL)

MEDICINE CAT **BLOOMSPRING**—tortoiseshell she-cat with sandy brown eyes

MEDIATOR **DUSTWING**—dark brown and black mackerel tabby she-cat with a black tail-tip, black inner ears, an eye scar and dark blue eyes

MEDIATOR IN TRAINING **DAPPLEFALL**—cream shaded she-cat with dark cream dapples

MESSENGERS **WEBBLAZE**—light gray mackerel tabby tom with dark blue, almost violet eyes

SPECKLEBIRD—brown she-cat with dark, cool brown speckles, a belly scar, white paws and dark green eyes

RESEARCHERS (cats who discover new methods, herbs, skills, animals, etc, help medicine cats, and observe Twolegs)

IRISTIP—burnt orange tom with dark orange bands on his legs with the same colored spots, large, rounded ears, a very short tail, and round, light, old cold-colored eyes

BRIGHTCLOUD—white she-cat with coffee brown tipped fur, coffee brown socks, coffee brown rings around her ears and luminous dark purple eyes

SCOUTS (cats who generally keep an eye on their territories)

RAGGEDSHARK—genius, large she-cat with lustrous, sepia fur with dirty fawn blotches and a dirty fawn tail, wide, tufted ears, and hazel eyes

OLIVEPATH—long-furred, tortoiseshell tom with dim gray-brown mackerel tabby stripes, white cobweb spotting, cerebellar hypoplasia, and gold eyes

HEARTWING—small, short-furred tawny tom with large, deep cinnamon spots and markings on his face, wide, rough-edged ears, a stubby tail, and misty bondi blue eyes

WEEDRIDER—fluffy, honey-blond she-cat with a dirty fawn tail, wide, curled ears, a long tail, and light blaze orange eyes

HELPERS (cats who care for kits, stay and help medicine cats with their duties, and generally stay and help in camp)

LOGCLAW—large, muscular, fluffy, brown mackerel tabby tom with very fluffy neck fur, a mane of fur, a fluffy tail, large paws, long claws, a light brown-cream belly, and amber eyes

LIZARDPATH—sleek light slate gray shadow point tom with a white tail, red markings above his eyes, white ears, a grullo-colored nose, and amethyst purple eyes

TRAVELING WARRIORS (cats who travel from Clan to Clan to help with threats, also included in warriors) **SILVERWILLIOW**—light blue pastel point she-cat with midnight green eyes

LONGEYES—orange classic tabby tom with a white chest, belly, tail-tip and savoy blue eyes

MINTSPIRIT—white she-cat with dirt brown paws, a scarred nose, and charcoal gray eyes

BLOSSOMTAIL

DUSTSHADOW

CROWCALL

WISHCALL—silver shell ticked tabby she-cat with frosty gray paws, frosty tail-tip and verdigris (brilliant blue-green) eyes

WARRIORS **ADDERPOUNCE—**white tom with fern green eyes and short legs

FOXCLAW—red tom with amber eyes and long claws

PETALMOON—white she-cat with olive green eyes and fur that tints champagne pink in the sunlight

APPRENTICE, STRIKEPAW

SPOTTEDSTREAK—snow lynx bengal she-cat with blue eyes

QUILLWATCHER—dark gray she-cat with ice blue eyes, observant

FOGPOND—cadet gray tom with tea green eyes

DAWNBRIAR—white tom with silver chalice eyes (Flame, Fuzzy, and Torn's father)

LAVENDERSPOT—brown spotted tabby she-cat with midnight green eyes

MIDNIGHTWATCHER—black, white mackerel tabby tom with light green, almost teal eyes (father to Nightwish's future kits)

BLUEPETAL—white she-cat with gray tabby hood and tail, a white eye, and moss green eyes (Flame, Fuzzy, and Torn's mother)

ASHFLIGHT—pale gray she-cat with ice blue eyes and a long tail

APPRENTICE, SWEETPAW

TOADWATER—thin gray-cream she-cat with dark gray-cream splotches on her shoulders, down her arms a lil, a dark gray stripe

down her back, dark gray-cream splotches slightly down her thighs, a dark gray-cream forehead and stripe down her muzzle until her nose-tip, dark gray-cream ear-tips, a very short yet not stubby dark gray-cream tail, a gray-cream tail-tip, a wide scar on her left shoulder, triangle-looking scars on her left leg, the one closer to her paw the smaller one, and amber eyes (mate is Tobias, their daughter is Poolpaw)

ACORNBLAZE—acorn brown tom with dim gray eyes

BLACKTAIL—black tom with uranian blue eyes (father to Strikepaw, brother to Porcupineshock)

STARLINGSPRING—white tom with fawn spots of all shapes and sizes, a short and narrow face, and gold metallic eyes (Flamepetal's mate)

TAWNYTAIL—white she-cat with orange patches, three claw mark scars on her right back leg, causing a permanent limp, and periwinkle blue eyes

FLAMEPETAL—gray she-cat with little boy blue eyes (sister to Fuzzyhollow and Tornfern, best friends are Eelspeck, Leaffin, and Pearlshine)

APPRENTICE, PALEPAW

FUZZYHOLLOW—white tom with a gray mackerel tabby hood and tail and silver chalice eyes (Flamepetal's brother)

TORNFERN—chocolate mackerel tabby tom with a white chest, a white face, and azure radiance blue eyes (Flamepetal's brother also)

SPARKWIND—black-and-white tom with very dark brown eyes (father to Yellowkit)

BEEFUR—cream tom with light gray eyes

DAISYPATH—cream she-cat with a lighter cream muzzle, a light cream tail-tip, light cream paws, a light cream pointed nose blaze, and joust blue eyes

APPRENTICE, ACORNPAW

LEAFEAR—silver pinstriped tabby she-cat with jade green eyes and a torn ear

APPRENTICE, CHERRYPAW

CLOVETAIL–rosy brown she-cat with amber eyes, smells of cinnamon

PORCUPINESHOCK—black tom with purple munsell eyes

GORSETHORN—gray tom with light yellow eyes

EMBERCAVE—dark gray she-cat with ember eyes and small ears

APPRENTICE, BRACKENPAW

FERNTUFT—white and gray freckled tabby she-cat with midnight green eyes, smells of pepper

MOSSYMANE—fluffy, brown mackerel tabby tom with a cream muzzle, cream paws, a cream pointed nose blaze, long claws, a mane of fluffy fur, very fluffy neck fur, fluffy tail, and amber eyes (brother to Logclaw)

BLOSSOMTAIL—dark gray (almost black) she-cat with bright yellow eyes and a huge tail

FLINTTHORN—gray tom with dark gray speckles, a cream muzzle, and carolina blue eyes

MUDSHADOW—brown-and-white she-cat with yellow eyes

ASHENLIGHT—raw umber she-cat with ash gray eyes

CROWCALL—black tom with ember eyes

APPRENTICE, BOULDERPAW

RUSTLEFACE—blue-cream tortie point tom with deep sky blue eyes

SILVERWILLIOW—light blue pastel point she-cat with midnight

green eyes

LONGEYES—orange classic tabby tom with a white chest, belly, tail-tip and savoy blue eyes

HONEYSTORM—unpredictable silver she-cat with white mittens and orange eyes

MORNINGHEART—white tom with plunge green eyes and a scar on his temple

BEECHSTREAM—short-haired, red mackerel "pseudo-tabby" tom with a white throat,

MINTSPIRIT—white she-cat with dirt brown paws, a scarred nose, and charcoal gray eyes

SORRELPETAL—bulky, dense broken mackerel lilac-cream tortoiseshell tabby she-cat with short legs, 3 thick scars on her right eye, and a torn right ear

WISHCALL—silver shell ticked tabby she-cat with frosty gray paws, frosty tail-tip and verdigris (brilliant blue-green) eyes

SAVINGAZE—slender, lithe fawn she-cat with silver shaded markings, brown colorpoint markings on her fur, tuxedo white spotting, a white tail-tip, large ears, and light hazel eyes (sister to Sorrelpetal)

CHILLYCHIRP—scruffy-furred chocolate tabby she-cat with a white muzzle and orange eyes who voices her opinion a lot

APPRENTICES **CHERRYPAW**—ebony she-cat with crimson red eyes (albino) oldest and largest apprentice in terms of height

BOULDERPAW—gray speckled tom with light yellow eyes

HOLLYPAW—dark brown she-cat with phlox purple eyes

SWEETPAW—tortoiseshell she-cat with chestnut brown eyes

POOLPAW—silver she-cat with pinkish-brown front paws and

mustard yellow eyes

BRACKENPAW—ember tom with almond brown eyes

PALEPAW—cream tom with large ears and royal purple eyes

STRIKEPAW—silver and black she-cat with uranian blue eyes

AARDVARKPAW—polydactyl golden smoke she-cat with a scar on her flank and almond-shaped hazel eyes

QUEENS **FENNELTAIL**—ember, brown spotted tabby she-cat with aero blue eyes (mother to Mothkit, a golden blotched tabby she-cat with cerulean eyes, Shorekit, a pale ginger she-cat with smokey topaz brown eyes, Russetkit, a russet she-cat with celeste blue eyes, and Hailkit, a silver she-cat with blind smokey topaz eyes)

PINESPECK—cream, orange speckled she-cat with orange ears, tail-tip and light cyan eyes (mother to Yellowkit, a light yellow she-cat with dark blue eyes)

HEATHERSHINE—dark brown she-cat with phlox purple eyes (mother to Hollypaw, a dark brown she-cat with phlox purple eyes, Boulderpaw, a gray speckled tom with light yellow eyes, Eaglekit, a brown and white mackerel tabby she-cat with light yellow eyes, Tansykit, a brown and white non-tabby she-cat with phlox purple eyes, and Shortkit, an acorn brown tom with dim gray eyes)

MOLELEG—black and white bicolor she-cat with ultramarine blue eyes (mother to Strikepaw and Lightningkit, a black tom with ultramarine blue eyes)

ANTMIST—silver mackerel tabby she-cat with a brown mackerel tabby tail and amber eyes (mother to Jaggedkit, a brown mackerel tabby tom with a cream belly, a cream tail-tip, a cream chest, cream paws, a cream throat, a cream muzzle, a cream pointed nose blaze, long claws, and amber eyes, mate is Mossymane)

NIGHTWISH—dark russet faintly striped she-cat with honey-colored ear-tips and tipped nose, white patches, a belly scar, and cloudy ice blue eyes (expecting)

RAINYGLOW—tawny she-cat with white paws and deep sky blue eyes (expecting)

DUSKPOPPY—heavy-set, scrappy-furred cinnamon smoke she-cat with one white leg and orange eyes (expecting)

AMBERPELT—long-furred amber she-cat with an extremely fluffy tail and celery green eyes (expecting

JAYFLAME–cool gray mackerel tabby she-cat with light yellow eyes (mother to Mossykit, a lilac sepia she-cat with yellow eyes, and Hazekit, a cream point tom with dark blue eyes)

ELDERS **SMOKEPATCH**—black tom with amber eyes

WINDLEAP—white she-cat with emerald green eyes

WindClan

LEADER **LAURELSTAR**—light grayish purple tom with amber eyes

DEPUTY **INLETHEART**—snow lynx tom with blue eyes

MEDICINE CAT **BREEZEDUSK**—black she-cat with icy blue eyes

APPRENTICE, BRACKENPAW

MEDIATOR **MINNOWSPRING**—white and cool brown mackerel tabby she-cat with no tail-tip and dark gray eyes

MEDIATOR IN TRAINING **RUNNINGWILLOW**—dark gray tabby she-cat with lake blue eyes

MESSENGERS **ASHPOPPY**—dark gray speckled she-cat with light brown eyes

DOVEMIST—raw umber mackerel tabby she-cat with a white tail-tip, paws, unusually long, almost talon-like claws, muscular build, and pine green eyes

RESEARCHERS (cats who discover new methods, herbs, skills, animals, etc, help medicine cats, and observe Twolegs)

STUMPYFACE—lilac point she-cat with bright green eyes

BLUEBRANCH—slender silver point she-cat and dark blue eyes

SCOUTS (cats who generally keep an eye on their territories)

SHREDTHROAT—muscular, ungroomed tom with chocolate shaded fur and ice blue eyes

LILYFOOT—glossy, mottled blue-gray she-cat with ice blue eyes

CROUCHBRIAR—lithe tom with well-groomed, solid red fur, lengthy claws, and blue and brown odd eyes (relaxed, untidy. he enjoys wandering around the camp trying to get sun more than he would enjoy training an apprentice. in other words he has horrible mentoring skills. and he's known for it.)

DUSTFLAKE—skinny, meticulous, and vengeful she-cat with clean, mottled dark ginger fur, white paws, and bright blue eyes (mate is Brushface)

HELPERS (cats who care for kits, stay and help medicine cats with their duties, and generally stay and help in camp)

LOGFACE—bony, nervous tom wit curly, black torbie fur and golden yellow eyes (a little too friendly outside his own Clan)

POOLTAIL—abnormally large, calm, and sort of untrustworthy she-cat with ungroomed, mottled golden fur, white paws, and clear blue eyes

TRAVELING WARRIORS (cats who travel from Clan to Clan to help with threats, also included in warriors)

BRUSHFACE—ash gray chinchilla tom with celadon green eyes

BLACKHEATHER—black she-cat with a dark blue dash on chest and wisteria eyes

BOULDERFROST—brown tom with dark brown and light brownish-cream patches, a white muzzle, chest, paws, and raw umber eyes

HILLLEAP—desert sand tom with a missing eye and a raw umber eye

BRAMBLESKY

WHITEASH

SILVERICE

WARRIORS (toms, and she-cats without kits)

PARSLEYFUR—dark gray she-cat with feathered fur

APPRENTICE, GOLDPAW

MEADOWTAIL—lilac unpatterned ticked tabby she-cat with bright green eyes

ADDERPELT—chocolate tom with white muzzle and entire tail and sky blue eyes (son to Flamesight and Smoky, adopted mother Downpetal)

APPRENTICE, KEEKPAW

RINEEAR—gray tom with amber eyes

APPRENTICE, BLIZZARDPAW

RAINEYE—gray tom with amber eyes

APPRENTICE, EAGLEPAW

KEVIN—cream shaded tom with sky blue eyes (son to

Flamesight and Smoky, adopted mother Downpetal)

STRAITRIPPLE—chocolate mist tabby she-cat with blue eyes (daughter to Flamesight and Downpetal)

APPRENTICE, SHADOWPAW

VENOMSIGHT—reddish-brown tom with blue eyes

SEDGEFANG—fawn mackerel pseudo tabby tom with yellow eyes

SANDBREEZE—cream tom with light green eyes

ROBINTHROAT—blue and cream spotted tortoiseshell she-cat

with long fur, white toes, and green eyes

SILVERICE—white she-cat with silver paws and deep brown eyes

SNAKESTRIKE—brown-black tom with green eyes

BRAMBLESKY—light dilute tortoiseshell she-cat with blue eyes

WHITEASH—white she-cat with a dark gray mackerel tabby tail and ears

YEWSCAR—brown bengal tom with handsome amber eyes (son to Rineear and Petalfeather) **APPRENTICE, MOTHPAW**

TROUTRIVER—brown tipped tom with agate gray eyes

PETALFEATHER—blue lynx point she-cat with royal yellow eyes

BRUSHFACE—ash gray chinchilla tom with celadon green eyes

BLACKHEATHER—black she-cat with a dark blue dash on chest and wisteria eyes

BOULDERFROST—brown tom with dark brown and light brownish-cream patches, a white muzzle, chest, paws, and raw umber eyes

HILLLEAP—desert sand tom with a missing eye and a raw umber eye

APPRENTICES (more than six moons old, in training to become warriors)

MOTHPAW—cream tabby tom with turquoise eyes (son of Raineye and Straitripple)

BRACKENPAW—brown tabby she-cat with light yellow eyes

(daughter of Inletheart and Meadowtail)

SHADOWPAW—black she-cat with beautiful amber eyes (daughter of Inletheart and Meadowtail)

KEEKPAW—blue cream shell tabby tortie she-cat with hazel eyes (daughter of Petalfeather and Rineear)

WHISPERPAW—white tom with hazel eyes (son of

Sedgefang and Whiteash)

BLIZZARDPAW—cream mink tom with turquoise eyes (son to Raineye and Straitripple)

EAGLEPAW—cream mink tom with turquoise eyes (son to Raineye and Straitripple)

GOLDPAW—golden unpatterned ticked tabby she-cat with turquoise eyes (daughter to Raineye and Straitripple)

QUEENS (she-cats expecting or nursing kits)

BRINDLEFOOT—blue shaded tortoiseshell she-cat with green eyes (mother to Daisykit, a blue she-cat with yellow eyes, and Beechkit, brown tom with amber eyes) Oldest nursery queen

MOSSYPUDDLE—gray she-cat with dark gray stripes (mother to Smokekit, a dark gray smoke she-cat with light green eyes and expecting kits)

FLOWERFROST—cinnamon tortoiseshell she-cat with agate gray eyes (mother to two kits, Splashkit, a silver she-cat with light green eyes, and Hawkkit, a dark brown tom with agate gray eyes)

SPIDERTHROAT—light brown and dark brown mackerel tabby she-cat with medium slate blue eyes and a reddish-brown throat and belly (mother to Lightkit, a light gray tom with lime eyes and white muzzle, and Cloverkit, a light gray and dark gray mackerel tabby she-cat with pine green eyes)

BRIARSTREAM—sand-colored smoke she-cat with ruddy blue eyes

(mother to Lilykit, an off white and white mackerel tabby she-cat with yellow eyes, Cloudkit, a light gray tom with yellow eyes, and Pebblekit, a gray tom with ruddy blue eyes)

BIRCHPELT—cream she-cat with dark cool brown stripes and deep brown eyes (mother to Tigerkit, a brown and dark brown mackerel tabby she-cat with amber eyes, and Lichenkit, a light gray she-cat with amber eyes, very new mother)

ELDERS (former warriors and queens, now retired)

FLAMESIGHT—light amber tom with light blue eyes, colorblind

DOWNPETAL—fawn point she-cat with blue eyes

BELLAGORSE—ginger she-cat with copper eyes, deaf

RiverClan

LEADER **POURSTAR—**light gray tom with green eyes

DEPUTY **FOXFOOT**—red, long-furred she-cat with one white front paw and green eyes

MEDICINE CAT **FALLENLEAF—**thin-furred cream spotted tabby tom with white paws, a white face, and yellow eyes (has horrible memory)

APPRENTICE, PIGEONPAW

MEDIATOR **TAWNYSTORM**—light cream she-cat with light amber eyes

MEDIATOR IN TRAINING **SCORCHWATER**—white she-cat with a bushy brown mackerel tabby tail and light sky blue eyes

MESSENGERS **DUSKFLOWER—**light red she-cat with a white muzzle, neck, chest, tail-tip and paws, and light amber eyes

BUMBLESTREAM—red tom with silver splotches, a white chest splash and gray-green eyes

RESEARCHERS (cats who discover new methods, herbs, skills, animals, etc, help medicine cats, and observe Twolegs)

SHININGSPECK—tall, charismatic, obsessive she-cat with coarse tortoiseshell fur and blind chocolate eyes (somehow incredible at swimming since birth-)

ARROYOBURR—tall, procedural, and sneaky tom with short red fur and medium aquamarine eyes

SCOUTS (cats who generally keep an eye on their territories)

WOLFBURR—short, opinionated, and possessive tom with matted, siamese point fur and dark green eyes

GOLDENSNOW—large, flexible, moody, rather strong she-cat with long, silver shaded fur and dark blue eyes

RIPPLESKY—abnormally large, honest, and impulsive she-cat with silky, mottled caramel fur and spanish blue eyes

SPARROWMIST—small, clever, and vague tom with well-groomed, solid white fur and copper eyes

HELPERS (cats who care for kits, stay and help medicine cats with their duties, and generally stay and help in camp)

INFERNOJAW—broad, devoted tom with well-groomed light brown mackerel tabby and white fur with blue violet eyes

OWLLEG—large, articulate tom with silky, dilute tortoiseshell fur and ice blue eyes

TRAVELING WARRIORS (cats who travel from Clan to Clan to help with threats, also included in warriors)

FADINGICE—light gray tom with lemon chiffon eyes

BRINDLEDREAM—dark brown she-cat with even darker brown mackerel tabby stripes and sky blue eyes

LUPINELIGHT—light gray tom with one very pale aqua eye

FOSSILCHASE—snow white tom with pale aqua eyes

WARRIORS (toms, and she-cats without kits)

GORSEWATER—gray-blue tom with light amber eyes

VINEHEART—amber she-cat with green eyes

APPRENTICE, NEEDLEPAW

TIGERSPOT—brown bengal tom with green eyes and a feathery tail

APPRENTICE, RUSSETPAW

WETFEATHER—light gray tom with amber eyes

BLUESTREAM—light blue she-cat with dark teal eyes and cream colored paws

APPRENTICE, WOLFPAW

MUMBLEHEART—navajo white and white spotted tabby tom with white face stripes and indigo eyes

APPRENTICE, DRIZZLEPAW

SWIFTCALL—dark gray she-cat with light gold eyes

DARKEYE—lighter dirt-color splotchy tom with silvery gray paws, muzzle, splash on chest, tiny white dash on chest, white-tipped tail, and dark orange eyes

APPRENTICE, FALLENPAW

JAGUARPELT—brown bengal she-cat with dartmouth green eyes and a long tail (mate is Gorsewater)

CROOKEDBRANCH—platinum gray mackerel tabby tom with a white chest, a white belly, white paws, a white throat, a white muzzle, a white pointed nose blaze, and wicked green eyes (father to Shadowpaw and Wolfpaw)

JAGGEDSNAP—black tom with white cap and saddle and

handsome amber eyes

APPRENTICE, SLATEPAW

PEBBLESTEP—light gray tom with darker flecks and gray green eyes (mates with Softpetal)

SOFTPETAL—long-haired, black and red, classic tortoiseshell she-cat with amber eyes (mates with Pebblestep)

FALLOWCLOUD—light brown she-cat with green eyes

HAILFERN—amber she-cat with a scar on tail and blue eyes

APPRENTICE, SNAKEPAW

DAWNBREAK—snow lynx bengal she-cat with deep blue eyes

APPRENTICE, SILVERPAW

ALLIGATORMOUTH—patchy-furred silver mackerel tabby and white she-cat with brown eyes (mother to Silverpaw and Willowpaw)

SPLASHFLAKE—lighter black-and-orange bumblebee-striped tom with smoky gray stripes, one ear, one white hind leg, a scar on his chest in between forelegs and leaf green eyes

CHIVETHROAT—slender, loud, and brittle she-cat with a light gray pelt and aqua eyes (mother to Minnowpaw and Brookpaw)

APPRENTICE, WILLOWPAW

KINKTAIL—silver she-cat with sea green eyes

APPRENTICE, BRAMBLEPAW

FEATHERSOLE—enormous tom with medium-length, bright slate fur, strawberry-blond markings around his nose and mouth and ears, a small plain face, close-set, upright ears, a whip-like tail, and cold, dull lime-colored eyes

APPRENTICE, FROSTPAW

TURTLEDAISY—black she-cat with white spots around her rump and on her tail, and clovedust eyes (mother to Shadowpaw and Wolfpaw)

APPRENTICE, MINNOWPAW

BRIARSPIRIT—white tom with amber eyes, a white tail, and amber eyes (father to Slatepaw)

KIT-FOXTAIL—red tom with deep brown eyes

APPRENTICE, SHADOWPAW

THORNGORSE—brown she-cat with orange ears and brown eyes (mother to slatepaw/tuft)

FUZZYCLAW—fluffy dark gray mackerel tabby tom with a white chest, a white tail-tip, white paws, a white belly, a white chest, a white neck, a white muzzle, a white pointed nose blaze thingy that reaches to the top of his sinuses, and palatinate blue eyes (father to Hollypaw, Snakepaw, and Fallenpaw)

APPRENTICE, TWILIGHTPAW

MARSHFUR—dark gray tom with bright yellow eyes

TINYTREE—dark gray classic tabby she-cat with a fluffy tail, a white tail-tip, and aqua eyes (mother to Hollypaw, Snakepaw, and Fallenpaw)

EELSPECK—xiketic colored tom with a white tail-tip, a white dash on his chest, white dots above his eyes, and green sheen eyes

ECLIPSEDAPPLE—very light gray-and-black dappled tabby she-cat with creamy brown paws and muzzle, a tiny white dash on chest and white-tipped tail, nicked ears, and bold sky-blue eyes

APPRENTICE, CYPRESSPAW

CHERRYLEG—burgundy and white bicolor she-cat with hazel eyes

LEAFFIN—thin, narrow-faced lilac mink she-cat with white legs, a

white chin, and brunswick green eyes

APPRENTICE, FROSTPAW

FIGWING—tortoiseshell she-cat with aqua eyes

APPRENTICE, HOLLYPAW

FADINGICE—light gray tom with lemon chiffon eyes

SAGELEAP—light brown tom with amber eyes

APPRENTICE, BROOKPAW

BRINDLEDREAM—dark brown she-cat with even darker brown mackerel tabby stripes and sky blue eyes

LUPINELIGHT—light gray tom with one very pale aqua eye

THUNDERDROP—tall, muscular black and white tom with handsome amber eyes

FOSSILCHASE—snow white tom with pale aqua eyes

APPRENTICES (more than six moons old, in training to become a warrior)

PIGEONPAW—gray tom with darker gray spots and green eyes

FROSTPAW—light blueish tom with ice blue eyes (son to Clovemist and Darkeye)

CYPRESSPAW—white she-cat with fawn sepia patches and yellow eyes (daughter to Clovemist and Darkeye)

HOLLYPAW—dark gray mackerel tabby tom with green eyes (siblings: Snakepaw and Fallenpaw, best friends: Shadowpaw and Wolfpaw)

SNAKEPAW—dark gray mackerel tabby tom with aqua eyes

FALLENPAW—light gray mackerel tabby tom with a fluffy white chest, a white tail-tip, a fluffy tail, a white belly, a white throat, a

white muzzle, a white pointed nose blaze, white paws, and palatinate blue eyes

SHADOWPAW—black she-cat with pettifer green eyes (brother is Wolfpaw)

WOLFPAW—extremely fluffy light gray tom with white paws, a white tail-tip, a white chest, a white muzzle, a white pointed nose blaze, a white forehead, and clovedust eyes (sister is Shadowpaw)

RUSSETPAW—vibrant brown ticked tabby she-cat with light brown eyes and a very fluffy, yet torn tail (sister to Needlepaw)

NEEDLEPAW—fawn ticked tabby tortie she-cat with white paws, a white tail-tip, very big ear tufts, and light brown eyes (sister to Russetpaw)

SLATEPAW—white she-cat with an orange, cream, light brown, and brown patch on her left eye, an orange, cream, light brown, and brown tail with amber eyes

MINNOWPAW—silver she-cat with glitter lake blue eyes (sister to Brookpaw)

BROOKPAW—silver mackerel tabby she-cat with a white belly, a white tail-tip, white paws, a white chest, a white neck, a white muzzle, a white thing all the way to the sorta top of her sinuses- and blessed blue eyes (sister to Minnowpaw)

SILVERPAW—mackerel tabby she-cat with similar markings to Brookpaw, and retro blue eyes (sister to Willowpaw)

BRAMBLEPAW—di sierra and dull golden bicolor point she-cat with three di sierra spots above her eyes, di sierra c shapes on her cheeks, two parallel double pearl lusta shell cameo stripes down her back, and dark amber eyes

TWILIGHTPAW—silver mackerel tabby she-cat with bavarian blue eyes (mother and father are unknown rogues)

WILLOWPAW—light silver mackerel tabby she-cat with similar markings to Brookpaw, and submarine base blue eyes (sister to

Silverpaw)

DRIZZLEPAW—very pale silver she-cat with very light amber eyes

QUEENS (she-cats expecting or nursing kits)

CLOVEMIST—fawn sepia she-cat with yellow eyes (mother to Frostpaw and Cypresspaw, permanent queen because of a permanent leg injury)

TIMBERFLIGHT—chocolate mackerel tabby she-cat with midnight green cyan eyes (mother to Branchkit, a brown tom with dark cyan eyes, Stormkit, a light gray tom with amber eyes)

COPPERNOSE—cinnamon smoke she-cat with deep copper eyes (expecting Vaporkit, a light gray she-cat with amber eyes, Mistykit, a dark gray she-cat with blue eyes, and Steamkit, a blue-gray she-cat with hazel eyes, mate is deceased)

HONEYSPARK—golden classic tabby she-cat with light blue eyes (expecting)

GINGERFALL—ginger mackerel tabby she-cat with queen blue eyes (expecting)

ELDERS (former warriors and queens, now retired)

RAINSPLASH—dark gray she-cat with ice blue eyes

Cats outside the Clans

DITA—white she-cat with burnt umber eyes

RONNY—dim gray tom with navy blue eyes

SQUINCE—orange tabby tom with celadon green eyes

BARK—brown tom with dark blue eyes

SHADE—black she-cat with amber and indigo odd eyes

TANSY—white tom with pale spring bud eyes

BLACKFANG—exiled DirtClan she-cat with a brown mackerel tabby pelt with a darker tail-tip, long claws, and mandy eyes

PALETHROAT—muscular-built, fawn chinchilla tom with a broad face

SNOWCOUGAR—muscular snow lynx bengal she-cat with long claws, broad shoulders, and gentian blue eyes

TAWNYSTREAM—small tortoiseshell she-cat with tutuji pink eyes

SNOWLILAC—white, slightly lilac-tinted snow lynx bengal she-cat with lilac paws, a lilac tail-tip, and spicy mustard green eyes

SEDGEHEART—large, heavy ginger tom with a white locket, white underbody, a medium-length, average-width face, and delicious dill eyes

BLUEPOOL—blue rosetted she-cat with white paws and lily green eyes

ROCKLIZARD—small white tom with a cinnamon mackerel tabby hood, tail, and spot on his back, a narrow and short face, and lye yellow eyes

SILVERRIPPLE—silver classic tabby she-cat with dark gray markings, dark gray paws, dark gray spots on her ears, dark gray wavy face stripes, dark gray freckles, dark gray spots on her legs except for inside which are white, and yearning blue eyes

LEOPARDHEMLOCK—chocolate sepia she-cat with a white hood, a white tail, a white spot on her back, a medium-length, broad face, and mineral umber eyes

FETCHINGGAZE—cruel longhaired ginger-and-white she-cat who is good at detecting lies, is uncertain about having faith in StarClan, and yellow eyes

STREAMGORSE—orange-yellow and orange mackerel tabby she-cat with orange ears, a stripe from her forehead all the way to the end of her tail, which is also striped in orange, orange face stripes, and shovel knight blue eyes

RUSSETEAGLE—thin, average-sized tom with a medium-length white pelt, a short, narrow face, and pure mauve purple eyes

ROBINRABBIT—large, muscular cream tom with a cream pelt, white legs, a short, narrow face, and bluebell blue eyes

TOBIAS—brown and dark brown mackerel tabby tom with gold eyes, mates with Toadwater)

Other Animals

MIDNIGHT—impossibly old badger that has helped the Clans on more than one occasion

Prologue

Yellowstar padded towards ThunderClan territory with a trail of her warriors behind her.

"Yellowstar," Leafear whimpered. "Should we really be trying to...destroy the Clans?"

"Leafear, I'm surprised I even let you live this long. The first time you disobeyed me, I should have gotten rid of you," she snarled back.

Leafear stepped a tail-length backwards.

That night was the night that Yellowstar could finally achieve her goal of getting revenge on Lightningsoar. Every time she thought about him leaving her when she had just given birth to his kits, she hissed under her breath.

That piece of crow-food will regret that he ever spoke to me.

The cats shouldered through the trees and made their way to ThunderClan's camp. Blazeflight, Yellowstar's son, padded next to her. "So, I'll get to meet my *real* father, eh?" he asked.

She growled, "I suppose so. But don't get too attached."

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"Never mind."

They finally reached the ThunderClan border.

Yellowstar split ShadowClan up. Several cats went to ambush RiverClan, some WindClan, and where Yellowstar was going, ThunderClan. Where she could finally get her revenge.

She told them what to do.

The cats split up and waited for their leader to give a signal.

Eventually, Yellowstar found the time was right and gave the signal—a flick of her tail, and they attacked.

Yellowstar raced into the ThunderClan camp and caught a young she-cat off guard. She laid on her back and raked the she-cat's belly.

She slashed at Yellowstar's muzzle, and she yowled in pain.

Yellowstar bit her muzzle to keep her in place while she scratched her flanks.

The she-cat leapt off of her, leaving a trail of blood behind.

Yellowstar whipped around blindly, looking for the cat that had done her wrong. No sign of his bright pelt. What she did see was a tortoiseshell she-cat who was fighting side-by-side with a cream she-cat. She charged towards them, holding her tail outstretched to trip the unsuspecting tortoiseshell.

The she-cats leapt aside and Yellowstar face-planted into the clearing. With a face full of grass and sand, she scrabbled to her paws and blindly slashed wherever she could.

At once, the she-cats leapt onto her back and weighed her down. She tried to struggle free as they pressed harder into her back and she slowly slid to the ground.

She sat there, waiting for the she-cats to let go. When they finally let go and turned to fight another of her warriors, she attacked the tortoiseshell. She outstretched her claws and yanked the tortoiseshell's head back, making her lose her balance and crash to the ground.

The cream she-cat stopped fighting her warrior and backed up the tortoiseshell, leaping onto Yellowstar and digging her claws into her belly fur.

Yellowstar leaned up and grabbed hold of the cream she-cat's muzzle and flung her aside. She stood up, shaking grass and sand

off her pelt, and charged after some cats who were fleeing out of the camp. She didn't recognize a tom who was beside two she-cats, two toms, and two cats she recognized.

Lightningsoar and the cat he left her for—Lavasoul.

She followed them out of the camp and into a clearing where other cats and her warriors were fighting. The toms, except Lightningsoar, and the she-cats, except Lavasoul, fought alongside their Clanmates.

Lightningsoar saw Yellowstar, and terror flashed in his green eyes. He stood in front of Lavasoul, obviously wanting to protect her.

"Lightningsoar. I should've killed you when you left me," she sneered, baring her fangs.

"Yellowstar, I made my decision. I'd rather die under your paws than be with you," he snarled.

"Ever since then," she continued, tearing up the grass underneath her. "I've always wanted vengeance. I guess now is my time to get it."

He shoved Lavasoul behind him even further, and she was frozen in terror. She glanced around wildly.

Yellowstar stood on her hind legs, ready to sink her waiting fangs into his throat, when she suddenly was knocked back. She looked around, and standing behind her, was a black cat with indigo and amber odd eyes.

Lavasoul's jaw dropped. "Shade?" she marveled.

The black she-cat nodded. "Yes, it's me," she growled. Her indigo and amber odd eyes burned with a certain intensity she had never seen in any cat besides herself.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'd rather not explain," Shade growled. She glared at

Yellowstar. "Are you ready?"

"For what?" Yellowstar hissed. "I'm not a tiny kit, like you. Are you sure you want to fight me?"

"If it's to save my friends and family, I'll die."

Yellowstar smiled psychotically. "Then I'll give death to you." She leapt, aiming for Shade's throat, but Shade grabbed her scruff and tossed her aside like she was a piece of prey. She jumped onto Yellowstar's back and slashed at it. "You are a monster! If you flee, no one will have to suffer from you anymore!"

They rolled over and over and scuffled. Yellowstar forced her paw down hard on Shade's head, and Shade retorted with a blow to her flanks. After what seemed like hours of fighting, Yellowstar felt stronger than before she fought with Shade. She slashed Shade's neck, but there was only a slit.

It started bleeding scarlet.

Shade stood in a sort-of wide stance. She panted hard, her mouth opened, her eyes widened. She gasped, "I. Will. Survive." She leapt so high that Yellowstar had to look up. She swiped and slit Yellowstar's throat.

She crashed to the ground, her blood pooling around her.

Her vision went blurry.

She saw the ThunderClan medicine cat give Shade some herbs and bandage her neck with cobwebs.

Through the water in her eyes, she could see her warriors break away from the grips of the ThunderClan cats. They turned their gazes towards her, and their eyes lit up with happiness.

Her Clanmates weren't actually loyal to her at all.

Tawnytail, one of the cats nearest to her weak, almost lifeless body, smiled widely, and started to yowl, "Leopardstar! Leopardstar! Leopardstar!"

She was chanting the name of Yellowstar's deputy. But with the suffix *star*.

Her whole Clan was joining in the chant. She could hear more yowls of happiness and Leopardpool's leader name, even from across the lake. It rang in her ears like a thousand mosquitoes.

"Leopardstar! Leopardstar! Leopardstar!"

They were happy she was dying. And happy that Leopardpool would be the new leader.

Yellowstar closed her eyes. A vision flashed in front of her eyes of what her life would be like if she had not succumbed to the tragedies she experienced.

Her Clanmates would have respected her, not out of fear, but out of admiration.

It hit her. She could have been one of the greatest leaders by the lake if she had managed her pain better. If she had managed her pain at all.

The only reason her Clan respected her was because if they disobeyed, she would kill them. Even her most loyal warriors respected her out of fear. The cats she believed thought the same way as her didn't. And she never realized it.

In her final moments, she heard Shade hiss in her ear,

"Fight well fought."

Then darkness consumed her, and she knew she'd never be seeing any stars.

Chapter 1

(Note: This is pretty old, so it is not my best work. Trust me, it progresses from here.)

Yellowkit opened her eyes for the first time.

"Yellowkit, you finally opened your eyes!"

Yellowkit squinted at her mother.

She had orange speckled fur and light cyan eyes.

"I-I didn't know that everything was so colorful!" Yellowkit exclaimed.

Another cat laughed. She had dark brown fur with phlox purple eyes and a long tail.

"Oh, Heathershine," Yellowkit's mother groaned.

"Pinespeck, get used to it."

Yellowkit looked around. "Pinespeck, may I go out into the camp?" she asked, hopeful that she could explore.

"I suppose so. Be careful, though," she replied.

Yellowkit bounced out of the nursery.

Two apprentices were scuffling. She padded over to them. "H-hi! What are your names?" she asked.

A dark brown she-cat sat down and smiled. "Hi! I'm Hollypaw. This is my brother Boulderpaw," she replied.

"I'm Yellowkit!"

"Nice to meet you. Uh, do you have any siblings?"

"What?" Yellowkit mewed.

"Siblings? Like, a brother or sister?" Hollypaw asked.

Yellowkit thought for a moment. She didn't see any other kits other than Fenneltail's kits, Mothkit, Shorekit, Russetkit, and Hailkit, and Heathershine's new kits.

"No."

Boulderpaw set his tail on Hollypaw's shoulder. "What a shame," he mewed.

"Yeah, it would be nice for you to have someone to play with."

Yellowkit thought for a heartbeat. "I can play with you two!"

"I'm afraid they're too big, Yellowkit." She heard her mother's voice.

"Pinespeck, you followed me?"

"Well, I wanted to see what you were up to. I don't want you to get into trouble, you know."

Yellowkit rolled her eyes.

"Mothers are like that, you know," Boulderpaw meowed, winking.

Yellowkit fluttered her eyelashes.

Pinespeck flicked her tail impatiently. "Yellowkit, dear, do you want to explore the camp?"

Yellowkit bounced. "Of course I do!"

Hollypaw and Boulderpaw dipped their heads.

"See you around, Yellowkit," Boulderpaw meowed.

She followed her mother. They squeezed into another den, a bit bigger this time. "This is the apprentice den. Hollypaw and Boulderpaw sleep here, along with Sweetpaw, Brackenpaw, Cherrypaw, and Strikepaw."

Brackenpaw and Strikepaw were talking, and Sweetpaw was sleeping.

Yellowkit was in awe. The camp seemed so huge! She and her mother squeezed back out and padded into the warrior den. There were three cats inside the den. "These cats are Ferntuft, Ashenlight, and Crowcall." Crowcall had midnight green eyes and pitch black fur. Ashenlight had raw umber fur and ash gray eyes. Ferntuft was a russet mackerel tabby with dim gray eyes. The warrior den was bigger than the apprentice den.

"Yellowkit, do you want to see the rest of the camp?" Pinespeck asked after a few heartbeats of silence.

"Sure," Yellowkit replied. They padded into the medicine den where their medicine cat, Bloomspring, was sorting herbs.

"Put the sage in this pile, and the marigold-" She turned to face Yellowkit and Pinespeck. "Hello, Yellowkit, Pinespeck."

Pinespeck smiled. "Hello, Bloomspring," she replied.

"What brings you to my den?"

"Oh, nothing. I'm just showing Yellowkit around the camp."

"Wonderful. If you need anything, call me, alright?"

Pinespeck nodded. "We will. Thank you, Bloomspring." Yellowkit felt a spark in her paws. What if she was chosen to be the medicine cat apprentice? Her cheeks felt hot. They padded out of the medicine den and back into the clearing. "Pinespeck, can we see the leader's den?" Yellowkit asked.

Pinespeck shook her head. "No, Scorchstar is busy. And I don't think he'd like if you went in. At least, without me."

Yellowkit's heart lowered. "Well, can we ask him?"

Pinespeck inhaled deeply. "I suppose," she meowed reluctantly. While her mother padded over to the leader, Yellowkit dropped into a hunting crouch.

"Hey, that's not a hunting crouch!"

Yellowkit whipped around. There was a black she-cat with red eyes sitting behind her.

"Umm..."

"I'm Cherrypaw," the she-cat mewed.

"Hi! I'm Yellowkit," she replied. Cherrypaw looked so tall!

"Here, this is how to do a hunting crouch." She dropped into a crouch. She was just at Yellowkit's eye level. Her tail was parallel to the sandy ground. She slowly padded, her paws not making any sounds. She kept her eyes on a stick that was a tail-length away from her, and then she leapt. Her paws landed square on the stick.

"That was amazing!" Yellowkit mewed. She had begun to bounce.

"Thanks," Cherrypaw meowed. "I'm not that good."

"Are you kidding? You're amazing!"

Cherrypaw stood up, slightly blushing. She nudged the stick a pawstep away.

Pinespeck was back. She pawed Yellowkit's neck, and she jumped. "It's alright, Yellowkit. It's just me, Pinespeck," her mother said.

Cherrypaw giggled.

Yellowkit lashed her tail.

"Yellowkit, Scorchstar said that we can go into his den, at

least, as long as I'm with you."

Yellowkit smiled. "Bye, Cherrypaw!" she exclaimed.

"Bye," Cherrypaw replied.

They padded into the den. It was dark, and the air was slightly moist.

Yellowkit pushed through the vines, and two got caught on her ear tips.

Pinespeck batted them off.

The den was small and quiet. It was smaller than the warrior den, for sure.

"Pinespeck, why is it so small? I thought Scorchstar would have the biggest den because he's the leader," Yellowkit mewed.

Pinespeck laughed. "Yellowkit, he has the smallest den because only he sleeps here," Pinespeck replied.

There was a pile of moss in the left corner with some leaves lining the edges. There was another pile of moss with leaves lining the edges in the opposite corner of the den. Did any cat use it?

"Is that his nest?" Yellowkit mewed, pointing to the nest on the left.

"Yes, Yellowkit."

"What about the other one?"

"I think you'll have to ask Scorchstar about that one. Later." She yawned. "I'm tired. Do you want to sleep?"

Yellowkit shook her head. "Nope!" she mewed. She climbed onto Pinespeck's back.

"Oh, Yellowkit," Pinespeck groaned. She padded into the nursery.

Yellowkit climbed off of her back.

Pinespeck curled into a ball. "I'm gonna go to sleep."

"Okay." Yellowkit laid near her mother, even though she wasn't tired.

⋆☽

Yellowkit awoke to mewling. She opened her eyes and saw Heathershine's new kits suckling.

Hollypaw and Boulderpaw were sitting next to Heathershine.

"Let all cats able to hunt at night gather near me at the Marblerock for a Clan meeting." Yellowkit turned toward where the leader was standing, which was at the top of the Marblerock.

She bounced outside of the nursery, but Pinespeck grasped her scruff. "We have to stay here, Yellowkit."

Fenneltail and her kits were by Scorchstar. "Today we will be appointing four apprentices. Mothkit, please step forward."

Mothkit did as she was told.

"Mothkit, you have reached the age of six moons, and it is time for you to be apprenticed. From this day on, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Mothpaw. Your mentor will be Ferntuft. I hope Ferntuft will pass down all she knows on to you."

Ferntuft padded over to Mothpaw and touched her nose.

"Ferntuft, you are ready to take on an apprentice. You have received excellent training from Whiteshade, and you have shown yourself to be loyal and obedient. You will be the mentor of Mothpaw, and I expect you to pass on all you know to Mothpaw."

They padded to the side.

"Shorekit, please step forward," Scorchstar meowed.

She padded forward.

"Shorekit, you have reached the age of six moons, and it is time for you to be apprenticed. From this day on, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Shorepaw. Your mentor will be Adderpounce. I hope Adderpounce will pass down all he knows on to you."

Adderpounce padded up to Shorepaw and touched her nose.

"Adderpounce, you are ready to take on an apprentice. You have received excellent training from Mudspark, and you have shown yourself to be clever and swift. You will be the mentor of Shorepaw, and I expect you to pass on all you know to Shorepaw. Russetkit, please step forward."

Russetkit shyly padded forward.

"Russetkit, you have reached the age of six moons, and it is time for you to be apprenticed. From this day on, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Russetpaw. Your mentor will be Foxclaw."

They touched noses. "Foxclaw, you are ready to take on an apprentice. You have received excellent training from Applefang, and you have shown yourself to be brave and strong. You will be the mentor of Russetpaw, and I expect you to pass on all you know to Russetpaw."

Russetpaw padded over to her mother.

"Hailkit, please step forward."

She padded up to Scorchstar.

"Hailkit, you have reached the age of six moons, and it is time for you to be apprenticed. Bloomspring?"

Bloomspring padded up to Hailpaw. "If you are alright with it," Bloomspring meowed. "And since, because of your blindness, you can't become a warrior, would you like to be my apprentice?"

Hailkit turned to Bloomspring, and though she looked slightly reluctant, she nodded. "Okay."

"Great!" Bloomspring bent down and touched noses with each other.

"Alright, Bloomspring, you are ready to take on an apprentice. You have received excellent training from Silverblossom, and you have shown yourself to be talented and persistent. You will be the mentor of Hailpaw, and I expect you to pass on all you know to Hailpaw."

They padded to the side.

Yellowkit was so excited to become an apprentice. Who would her mentor be?

Chapter 2

(Note: Sorry I time-skipped, I just didn't know what else to write for Yellowstar's kithood.)

"Yellowkit, please step forward."

She lightly padded forward, her head held high.

"Yellowkit, you have reached the age of six moons, and it is time for you to be apprenticed. From this day on, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Yellowpaw. Your mentor will be Ashenlight."

They touched noses.

"Ashenlight, you are ready to take on an apprentice. You have received excellent training from Tarnpatch, and you have shown yourself to be effective and a planner. You will be the mentor of Yellowpaw, and I expect you to pass on all you know to Yellowpaw."

The cats cheered her name.

Yellowpaw mewed in delight. She never expected the feeling of such pride to be an apprentice, and she wasn't even a warrior yet. Her best friend, Mothpaw, and her siblings were already made apprentices, when she was a kit.

Ashenlight curled her tail around Yellowpaw. "Your training begins tomorrow. You better get well rested!"

Yellowpaw bounced, and Ashenlight let out a *mrrow* of laughter.

⋆☽

Yellowpaw leapt nimbly onto Ashenlight, or, at least, she thought she did.

"That was great, Yellowpaw," Ashenlight said. "But you need to be quicker and make sure the enemy isn't able to time your moves."

Yellowpaw's tail fluffed up. She got back into her stance.

Ashenlight moved, crouching, from paw to paw. Her ash gray eyes blazed with concentration and determination.

Yellowpaw leapt onto Ashenlight's tail, plucking only a small hair from it.

Ashenlight retaliated, flattening Yellowpaw to the ground.

Claws sheathed, she raked her belly sliding out from underneath Ashenlight.

It had been a moon since Yellowpaw's apprentice ceremony, and she had gotten good at fighting skills. Because of her size, as she was slightly smaller than the other apprentices, Ashenlight found that fighting was the most important at the moment. She had overheard their conversation, Scorchstar, Pinespeck, Bloomspring and Ashenlight; "Well, I have a question about Yellowk—er, paw. Because she is slightly smaller than the other apprentices, but I mean this with the greatest respect, what are we going to do with her training?" Pinespeck meowed.

"Yes, I suppose you're right," Bloomspring meowed.

"What do you think is more important for her to work on in terms of skill?" Ashenlight asked.

"Maybe fighting. She is smaller, and could be more vulnerable to powerful enemies," Scorchstar said.

So they worked on fighting for that moon, and helping Smokepatch and Windleap with ticks.

Yellowpaw reared up and landed a front paw blow on

Ashenlight's head, but not too hard.

Ashenlight pinned Yellowpaw down, moving swiftly.

She lay limp, but the raw umber she-cat didn't let go. Her mentor stayed put, tail lashing side to side.

She landed another belly rake on her, then a forepaw slash, claws sheathed.

Ashenlight backed away, panting.

Yellowpaw waited a few heartbeats to see what her mentor would do, but she was still pausing.

She leapt over the raw umber she-cat and landed a scruff shake.

The she-cat squirmed. "Alright, Yellowpaw, you beat me. That's enough, I'm really tired."

Yellowpaw let go of Ashenlight's scruff.

"Let's start on hunting." Ashenlight showed her the hunting crouch. She kept her body low and her tail sticking straight out behind her. Her hind legs were raised, and she was ready to pounce. Her ears were pricked and moving slightly. A rustle sounded from some clumps of tall grasses, and the raw umber she-cat pounced, bringing back a plump wood mouse.

"Nice!" Yellowpaw mewed. Her mouth gaped open.

Her ash gray eyes glittered with embarrassment. "But, before you try, let me give you a step by step. We will work on one part every day till the next quarter moon, then another step, and so on. Here is the first step." She showed her how to crouch with her tail out behind her. "Now you try."

Yellowpaw tried copying her moves. She heard a rustling. She was so focused on the noise that she couldn't keep her balance and fell face down.

"Yellowpaw, I know you can do it!" She helped her with a trick to stay balanced, setting her weight on her hind paws.

She tried a couple times, failed, and tried again. Eyes blazing with determination, Yellowpaw once more dropped into the crouch, she put her tail straight out behind her, balacing her weight on her back paws. She balanced! Yellowpaw held as still as she could.

"Great! We'll work on that for this quarter moon. Then we'll move on!" Ashenlight exclaimed, touching her nose to Yellowpaw's cheek.

Quillwatcher, Yellowpaw's cousin, came around the corner.

"Hey!" she mewed. She rubbed against Yellowpaw and touched noses with Ashenlight. "You gotta go back to camp. Cherrypaw's going to have her warrior ceremony and Scorchstar wants everyone there for it."

Ashenlight kinked her tail over her back, and Yellowpaw followed.

As soon as they arrived in the camp, Scorchstar climbed onto the ledge. "Let all cats able to hunt at night gather near the ledge for a Clan meeting," he bellowed.

As the cats gathered, the red and brown mackerel tabby tom began to speak. "I, Scorchstar, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on this apprentice. She has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend her to you as a warrior in her turn. Cherrypaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

Cherrypaw's head was high in the air, her fur sleek and shiny. "I do," she meowed.

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Cherrypaw, from this moment on, you will be known as Cherryleaf. StarClan honors your contribution and empathy, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ShadowClan." Scorchstar put his head on hers and she licked his shoulder in return. "You will stand

vigil at dusk to dawn tomorrow."

"Cherryleaf! Cherryleaf!"

The power of the crowd's chanting blew Yellowpaw away. Would that happen when she was made a warrior?

Her mother and father ran up to her, covering her in licks.

Another tom also came over to her.

She made out the muscular build of Crowcall. He licked her tail.

The crowd purred in delight, and she didn't know why. "Ashenlight, why is everyone so happy, besides her becoming a warrior?" she asked her mentor.

"Crowcall asked her to be his mate," her mentor replied.

She could make out, barely, Cherryleaf approving.

The Clan yowled in happiness.

Yellowpaw could just imagine if they had kits, grown up, they would be sleek-furred, muscular and agile. She purred. But as soon as she had stopped thinking about that, she remembered to get some sleep early, because that night would be the Gathering! Yellowpaw's first Gathering.

Chapter 3

(Note: Yes, Firestar is in this instead of Bramblestar, I'm just attached to him lel!)

The first stars of Silverpelt were rising into the night sky. Yellowpaw and Mothpaw were walking side by side. "So, is this your first Gathering?" Mothpaw said.

"Yeah," Yellowpaw said. "I've never been to the island before."

Ashenlight padded ahead of them with Quillwatcher.

Cherryleaf and Crowcall took up the rear, tails entwined together.

Scorchstar, who was in the lead, dipped his head in greeting at the ThunderClan leader, Firestar, who was in front of their cats chosen to go. There were about twenty of them.

In their large group, she could make out the shape of Jayfeather, the medicine cat.

And one of the couples - Blossomfall and Thornclaw.

They padded on the shore of the lake in RiverClan territory. The rocks on the shoreline lightly scraped her pads, causing her to bounce a little.

Eventually they made it to the island. Scorchstar leaped onto the fallen tree and weaved his way gracefully across it, then jumped onto the other side while his Clanmates followed.

Finally, it was Yellowpaw's turn to cross. She scrambled onto the slippery trunk and instinctively dug her claws into the rough bark. Even that barely stopped her from slipping into the lake.

"Easy there," one of the warriors, Beechstream, meowed, lightly pressing behind her to steady her.

"Thanks," Yellowpaw mewed, laughing nervously. She slowly clawed her way across the fallen tree and jumped onto the other side, where Ashenlight weaved through the warriors and padded to her side.

"You did great crossing for a new apprentice!" she purred, pressing against her side.

"Thank you, Ashenlight!"

"Of course! Now, squeeze your way into the clearing through here." Her mentor pointed to a gap in the brambles and ferns with her tail.

She followed the direction Ashenlight's tail was pointing in and squeezed her way through the ferns. The tight space on the side of the island they had entered on opened up into a large clearing. Cats of all Clans were sharing tongues and mingling. She never knew that was okay!

She sat down near Shorepaw, who was talking with a WindClan apprentice. Mothpaw sat next to her.

The chatter in the large area of land increased once the two Clans arrived.

After a while, Yellowpaw felt that it was about to start.

Scorchstar and Firestar, now sharing a branch on the Great Oak, glanced at Laurelstar, a gray tom with a white muzzle, signaling for him to speak. The tom let out a yowl, quieting the crowd of warriors. "Greetings, everyone. I hope you all are well-rested."

Still silence.

"Who would like to speak first?" Laurelstar asked.

"You may," Pourstar growled.

He stepped forward. "WindClan has been well. Prey is running well, also. We have two new warriors, Troutriver and Petalfeather. One of our queens, Flowerfrost, has had her first litter of healthy, strong kits, and that's about it!" He nodded."Pourstar," Firestar meowed. "Would you like to speak?"

"Alright," Pourstar said. "Fish in RiverClan is not well. There are not many fish, since they died from the heat. I want permission to be granted to cross into WindClan's territory, since we have helped them so much before."

Laurelstar's face was as still as stone.

"Well?" Pourstar pressed.

Laurelstar sighed. "Yes, you have helped WindClan in the past, we already paid off the debt, but—I suppose you can until the half moon."

"The half moon?" Pourstar hissed.

"You should be grateful," Laurelstar said. "I am a stiff leader, and I could have told you no."

Pourstar snarled.

Laurelstar sat calmly, though his pakistan green eyes blazed with anger. "Pourstar," Laurelstar said, his tone becoming impatient.

Pourstar curled his lips into a snarl. "The half moon. Why not next Gathering? The fish will not be back in a HALF MOON!" he bellowed. He opened his mouth but was interrupted by Firestar, the ginger, green-eyed tom.

"Pourstar, you have no right to push him into extending the date for your cats to be able to hunt in their territory. And besides, you will break the truce of the full moon," he argued. His green eyes were narrowed to a slit.

Scorchstar's tail twitched irritably.

Pourstar pounced on Firestar.

The huge group of cats starting arguing and yelling, and chaos broke out in the clearing.

When Firestarstar got up, his flank and right ear were bleeding.

All of a sudden, thunder clapped and the dark clouds lit up. Raindrops fell heavily onto the clearing.

"Look what he's done!" a cat called out.

"He broke the truce!"

It got louder, and more cats started yelling.

Yellowpaw could barely make out Jayfeather shouldering his way through the crowd of angry cats. He scrabbled up onto the wet Great Oak. He whispered something to the ginger tom, and he nodded and stepped back. Jayfeather yowled, and all went silent, except for the thunder and rain hitting the four trees. "I can't believe this," he hissed. "I am disappointed in everyone. In all the time I've been a medicine cat this has never happened. I've never seen StarClan so angry, and look at this. The four main Clans at the *Gathering*, the night of peace."

The crowd grew louder.

"QUIET!"

It went silent again.

"We will have to share more the next Gathering. Laurelstar, RiverClan may hunt off your territory till the next Gathering. Everyone, yes, the truce was broken and StarClan are angry. Go with your leaders to get back to your camps. This Gathering is over."

Everyone parted and got back to their leaders.

Yellowpaw, mind whirling, turned to Mothpaw, who was shaking like a leaf. "What happened?" Mothpaw choked, her cerulean eyes glinting with fear.

"I don't know," Yellowpaw squeaked. She had never felt so feeble in her life.

Mothpaw was still trembling hard.

Yellowpaw brushed her tail on Mothpaw's back. "Come on, let's get some rest."

Scorchstar led them out of the large clearing and back into the shade of the pine forest. The sweet, familiar scents flooded her nostrils, but was quickly replaced with the acrid smell of the Thunderpath. They glanced at the Thunderpath and ran to the other side.

They were approaching the camp and Mothpaw still was shaking.

Yellowpaw rubbed Mothpaw's back with her tail, trying to comfort her as much as she could. "It's okay Mothpaw, we'll be there soon, I promise," she said.

Mothpaw nodded.

She let Mothpaw lean on her shoulder.

The last cats to follow them were Ashenlight and Quillwatcher. It seemed like a slow, painful walk. They finally arrived at the camp.

Bloomspring was carrying some ivy leaves when they walked in, then set them on the ground. "Hey," she meowed. "Why are you back so early?" Then she took one look at the clouded over moon and the pouring rain and nodded in sympathy. "StarClan must be angry. I'm pretty sure every cat's fur is drenched."

The thunder clapped over their heads.

Yellowpaw and Mothpaw dived under the ledge, shaking off the water. Then, shaking, they ran into the apprentice's den.

Mothpaw sighed contentedly. "I'm glad we're back."

"Yeah," Yellowpaw meowed. She curled up into her nest, and so did Mothpaw, and was soothed by her breathing.

The next day, Yellowpaw woke to Ashenlight prodding her gently. "Yellowpaw, Yellowpaw, wake up!" she meowed.

"What?" Yellowpaw grunted.

"It's time for training."

She staggered out of her nest.

"Let's warm up with fighting."

After fighting for a little while, Ashenlight sat down. "Now I'm going to teach you tail signals."

"Why?" Yellowpaw meowed, cocking her head.

"You'll need to learn these to know what your leader needs you to do. And the other cats around you and younger than you and older than you. First," She turned around so her tail was facing Yellowpaw. She held it erect. "This means stop." Then she changed it so it was rippling. "This means move slowly but with care." Then she changed her tail so that she held it erect and sweeping slowly side to side. "This means to retreat silently."

Yellowpaw's eyes widened as her paws to her ears filled with excitement. "What else?" Yellowpaw meowed.

"Well," Ashenlight began. Her tail was pointing low, parallel to the forest floor and sweeping. "This means spread out."

"Wow!" Yellowpaw was amazed. "When were you taught this?"

Ashenlight smiled and sat down. "Well, one of the most early leaders of this Clan told everyone to start learning tail signals," she explained.

"So they're really, really, old! It wouldn't surprise me if Ancient Clans used these."

Ashenlight let out a *mrrow* of laughter.

"I don't think so, Yellowpaw," she laughed.

Then Ashenlight stared out behind Yellowpaw. "Yellowpaw...it's time to use your fighting skills."

"What do you me—" She turned around and saw a badger lumber into the camp. "Badger!" She tried to hide behind Ashenlight.

"Yellow—Yellowpa—Yellowpaw, look!" Ashenlight stuttered.

Yellowpaw turned around, and the large badger was mauling Scorchstar. Yellowpaw tried to leap over to the badger, but her mentor dragged her back.

"Why did you do that if you want me to help him?" she whined.

Ashenlight hissed quietly, "Don't launch yourself at a badger. You'll be the one getting mauled and the badger will find you an easy target."

Leafear leapt at the badger, her pelt shining in the sunlight.

Soon, Ashenlight joined her, leaping onto its back and shaking its scruff.

Yellowpaw tried to run away, but the badger caught up to her. It tripped her with its massive paws. It leaned down and was about to shake her scruff, but Ashenlight pulled her away and continued fighting with the badger.

Yellowpaw saw the deputy, Opalbreeze, lead the queens, kits and apprentices out of the camp. She followed them quietly. They padded out of the camp and through some bushes. They ended up in a wooded area with a den in the distance.

After what seemed like a very long time, they finally reached it. Opalbreeze ushered them inside, and Yellowpaw blindly searched for Mothpaw.

Her friend was in the back of the den. She squeezed through some queens and moved around kits. Finally she found Mothpaw.

"Mothpaw I found—"

She was interrupted by Heathershine, who wailed, "Eaglekit is gone!"

Chapter 4

"What?" Opalbreeze snapped. "Eaglekit is gone? She could be out in the woods! What if she gets near a badger set? We can't go out and look for her!"

"I know, Opalbreeze, but something might happen to her!" Heathershine cried.

"Opalbreeze, c'mon, why can't we look for Eaglekit? It is a kit, and kits, elders and queens come before warriors and apprentices and stuff," Mothpaw said.

Opalbreeze sighed. "Well, alright. But everyone be careful."

They carefully slid out of the nest.

Yellowpaw counted all the cats. There were all of the apprentices there. Fenneltail became a warrior again after her kits were made apprentices, and so did Pinespeck.

Yellowpaw froze.

Pinespeck was a warrior again, which meant she was left in camp.

To fight the badger.

"Opalbreeze!" she whispered loudly.

She padded over to Yellowpaw and hissed, "What?"

Yellowpaw gulped hard. "My mom is in camp. To fight the badger," she whispered, her voice shaking.

Opalbreeze sighed, her neon blue eyes clouded over with pain. "I—um—well, Yellowpaw, I can't guarantee that..." She trailed off.

"That?" Yellowpaw asked frantically.

"That...she'll survive."

"W—what do you mean?"

"Um. That badger seemed very healthy and strong, and that means that it's powerful, and it could..."

"Could what?" Yellowpaw demanded.

"Could...kill her."

Yellowpaw gasped. What was she thinking anyway? That badgers were as powerful as ants? No, strong badgers could kill anything at any time anywhere. That means that something could have happened to her mother. And she wouldn't know it.

"Opalbreeze...why did you tell me?"

"Well, you asked."

Yellowpaw gulped. "Oh—oh. Ye—yeah. Uhh, thanks, Opalbreeze," she choked out.

Opalbreeze nodded sadly. "You're welcome," she whispered. She padded away from Yellowpaw.

She decided to get her mind off of her mother's possible fate by looking for Eaglekit. She slid in between some bushes, which was a tight squeeze, but she checked there because she figured that a small kit could fit in that space.

Nothing.

Underneath rocks.

Nothing.

She padded over to Mothpaw, who was looking around a riverbank. "Hey, Mothpaw. Any luck?" she asked, her tone not exactly happy.

"Nope. I hope we can find Eaglekit, though," Mothpaw mewed.

"Yeah, me too," Yellowpaw agreed. "I wonder how Ashenlight is doing at fighting that badger."

"Last time I saw her, she was beating up the badger really good."

"Yeah. If she wants to, she will."

"Yeah."

Awkward silence.

"Uhm, I'm gonna go comfort Heathershine."

"Okay."

She padded over to Heathershine, who was pacing back and forth, tail twitching anxiously.

"Hi, Heathershine. How are you? Despite Eaglekit," Yellowpaw said.

The dark brown she-cat sobbed quietly. "I—I don't know. All I can th—think about is Eaglekit—" she choked saying Eaglekit, "and how I hope she's okay. I hope StarClan spares her life."

"Yeah, me too, Heathershine. I mean, would StarClan really take her?" Yellowpaw meowed, trying to comfort her.

"Oh, well, it could! It took several kits before. I just hope nothing will happen to my little Eaglekit."

"Mommy, where's Eaglekit?" Shortkit said, padding up to her.

"I—I really can't say, Shortkit," she mewed sadly, turning her head away.

"Oh. Well, I hope I can play hide and seek when she comes back! Maybe we could play something else, too. We're gonna have

so much fun!" He padded away jabbering about playing with Eaglekit.

Heathershine sobbed again. "Ohh, how am I supposed to tell him if anything happens to Eaglekit?" she cried.

"I—um..." Yellowpaw didn't know what to say. "Um, good luck, Heathershine. My thoughts are with you. May StarClan light your path." She padded away.

"Hey!" Boulderpaw whispered, running up to her. "I saw you talking to Heathershine. I think you did a really good job at comforting her."

Yellowpaw felt herself blushing. "I—um—really?" she stammered.

"I mean, yeah! It kinda seemed to help."

"Oh, well, good!"

"Yeah."

Another awkward silence.

Yellowpaw wondered what her warrior name would be. Or Boulderpaw's? Her thoughts were interrupted by Opalbreeze, who said, "Quillwatcher announced that the camp is safe! We can go back!"

Everyone cheered.

"Finally!" Mothpaw exclaimed, shaking leaves off of her pelt.

Heathershine sobbed again.

Opalbreeze padded up to her as everyone was walking back. She rubbed her tail on Heathershine's back. Yellowpaw thought she heard Opalbreeze say, "Don't worry, Heathershine. I'll see to it that Scorchstar finds her."

Heathershine nodded.

Opalbreeze padded beside her, but flicked her tail at Yellowpaw.

Yellowpaw scampered over and said, "What?"

Opalbreeze glanced around and licked Heathershine's ear. "Yellowpaw, Quillwatcher has some news for you. She'll tell you at the entrance to camp," the black she-cat whispered solemnly, with a little edge to her tone.

Yellowpaw cocked her head.

"You'll see what I mean."

They walked to the entrance of the camp.

Quillwatcher was sitting there, and when Yellowpaw got close to her, she stood up. "Yellowpaw. I don't think you'll like this news," she said, slightly grimacing.

"Oh no. What is it?" she moaned.

"Your mother, Pinespeck," Quillwatcher began.

"What? What happened to her?"

"She is in the clearing. Go see for yourself. I'll follow you."

Yellowpaw slowly padded towards where she saw her mother. She was laying in the center of the clearing.

"P—Pinespeck?" Yellowpaw choked out.

Pinespeck had several patches of fur missing, her flank was slit, and so was her throat. Blood pulsed from the wound on it.

"Pinespeck! Speak to me!"

The gentle voice that she had known since birth did not respond to her. Instead, clouded, unblinking light cyan eyes stared at her.

"Yellowpaw."

She whirled around. "What, Quillwatcher?" she snarled.

"She's dead."

She whirled back around. "No. No, she can't be! No, I won't believe it! This must be some sick joke!"

"Unfortunately, it isn't," Bloomspring meowed. She emerged from her den with a sad expression on her face. "I did all I could."

Yellowpaw threw herself onto her mother's cold body and wailed. She smelled her mother's comforting scent, which was mixed with the scent of death, blood, and badger.

"And I didn't even get to say goodbye."

She heard Quillwatcher sigh in the background.

"I love you, Pinespeck. May StarClan light your path," she choked out. She tilted her head up. "Did anyone else die?" she asked Bloomspring.

She shook her head. "Only her. I'm so sorry, Yellowpaw."

Yellowpaw sniffled. "It's okay, Bloomspring. But I—I think I need some time alone." She stumbled into the apprentice den and layed down. She sobbed into the soft moss.

"Why? Why did she have to die?"

She stopped crying, very tired from it and searching for Eaglekit, and fell asleep, tail curled around her nose.

Chapter 5

(Note: Sorry I timeskipped! I didn't know what to write after that.)

It had been several moons since her mother's death. Yellowpaw had started to get used to it, but there was still a wound to be healed yet. Lately she had been spending most of her time training, hunting and getting to know the apprentices more.

Boulderpaw had devoted most of his time to comfort and chat with her, and she was really grateful for that. And so did Mothpaw, and she knew that Mothpaw would never leave her side, and she was really grateful for that, too.

On the day her mother died, Eaglekit was found in the far corner of the nursery where no cat had ever gone, so obviously she was safe from the badger.

Yellowpaw padded over to the fresh-kill pile after a long morning of hunting. Mothpaw and Boulderpaw were also getting some fresh-kill.

"Hey," Boulderpaw mewed as Yellowpaw picked out a robin from the fresh-kill pile.

"Hi," said Yellowpaw. She bit into the robin.

"Um...want to go hunting with me? Later?"

Yellowpaw almost spit out the robin she was eating. "Um, I—wow, Boulderpaw, I—I didn't expect that! Wow, uh—maybe tomorrow?"

Boulderpaw looked discouraged. "Oh, okay."

Scorchstar leapt onto the Shaderock.

"Let all cats old enough to lurk in the shadows gather around

the Shaderock for a Clan meeting," he called.

Yellowpaw padded over to the Shaderock, a little bit of the robin still in her mouth. She quickly chewed and swallowed it.

"Today I will be announcing two new warriors. Hollypaw and Boulderpaw, please step forward."

Heathershine gave each of their ears a quick lick, then sent them to the Shaderock.

They padded over to the Shaderock and sat beneath Scorchstar.

"I, Scorchstar, leader of ShadowClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on these apprentices. They have worked hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend them to you as warriors in their turns."

Hollypaw and Boulderpaw held their heads high.

"Hollypaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code, and to protect and defend your clan even at the cost of your life?" he asked.

"I do," Hollypaw responded.

"Then by the powers of StarClan I give you your warrior name. Hollypaw, from this moment you will be known as Hollystreak. StarClan honors your dependability and ability to be industrious, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ShadowClan. Boulderpaw, please step forward."

Boulderpaw padded forwards.

"Boulderpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code, and to protect and defend your clan even at the cost of your life?"

"I do," he answered proudly.

"Then by the powers of StarClan I give you your warrior name. Boulderpaw, from this moment on you will be known as

Boulderpelt. StarClan honors your discreteness and enthusiasm, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ShadowClan."

The clan chanted their names. "Hollystreak! Boulderpelt! Hollystreak! Boulderpelt!"

"Wow!" Yellowpaw exclaimed. "Will the Clan cheer for me when I'm a warrior? Like that?"

"Yep," said Mothpaw, who was sitting next to her. "And they'll cheer for me too. And my sisters. I'm so excited for Hailpaw, Shorepaw and Russetpaw to become warriors and the medicine cat!"

Hollystreak padded over to Yellowpaw. "So, are you proud of me?" she meowed. "I'm sorry I never hung out with you, Yellowpaw. Now I really can't because I have new duties and a new den and—" She was cut off by Scorchstar, who announced, "Hollystreak and Boulderpelt, you will sit vigil tonight until sunrise, so get a good rest beforehand."

Yellowpaw smiled. "Congrats!" she exclaimed.

Hollystreak sat down, her eyes glittering with embarrassment. "Hey, thanks, Yellowpaw. I—I really appreciate it!" she bubbled.

Yellowpaw smiled. "Anytime!" She bounced away. She stopped walking and remembered the look on Boulderpelt's face when she rejected him. And how she felt about him. And how when he laughed his yellow eyes lit up and his gray speckled pelt suddenly became smoother.

How could she just reject him like that when they both felt something for each other? Maybe she would go hunting with him.

He was sitting by the warriors' den with Hollystreak, Clovetail and Midnightwatcher.

Yellowpaw padded over to him. "Hey, Boulderpelt!" she called.

He turned his head toward her. "Hi, Yellowpaw!" he meowed.

"Hi, umm..." she trailed off. "So...wanna go hunting?"

He hesitated.

"I—I'm sorry about earlier."

"Hey, it's okay. Uhh—I suppose—"

"Yellowpaw, time for training!" Ashenlight called, padding over to her.

"Oop, sorry, I gotta go." Yellowpaw glared at Ashenlight, who, in response flashed a smug grin at her.

"That's okay," Boulderpelt said. "I gotta rest up for tonight's vigil anyway." He gave her head in between her ears a quick lick and padded into the warrior den, followed by Hollystreak.

Once they were gone, Yellowpaw whipped her head around to face Ashenlight. "Ashenlight! Why did you do that? I could have gone hunting with him!" she whined.

"I mean, it's time for training!" she responded.

"But why couldn't you have done it earlier?"

"Well, in the morning you were hunting and then Hollystreak and Boulderpelt had their warrior ceremony."

"True. But still!"

Ashenlight wrapped her tail around Yellowpaw's shoulder. "Come on, Yellowpaw. I get it, you like somebody, but you can't let that get in the way of your training."

Yellowpaw sighed. "Okay, what are we doing?" she grumbled.

"Fighting."

"We've been doing that for so long, though! I'm almost nine moons!"

"Yellowpaw, remember, me, Bloomspring, Scorchstar, and Pine—" Ashenlight broke off as Yellowpaw's face darkened.

"Well, remember, we talked about how fighting was the most important since you're a little smaller than the other apprentices," Ashenlight explained.

"Oh, so now this is about my size?" Yellowpaw sassed.

"Yellowpaw, I understand that you're frustrated, but you really need to end that attitude."

Yellowpaw rolled her eyes and sat down, licking her tail.

"Now lighten up, and let's fight the anger out of you!"

She stood up and followed Ashenlight to the training hollow.

Yellowpaw smiled. "Ashenlight, I'm not as light or weak as I used to be, so be ready."

"We'll see about that," Ashenlight chirped.

She leapt at Ashenlight and battered her muzzle, claws sheathed, and Ashenlight responded by leaping onto her back and raking it.

Yellowpaw flopped over onto her back, crushing Ashenlight, and spun around fast enough to pin Ashenlight down by clamping her jaws almost around her neck.

After a little while, she let go and Ashenlight stood up, shaking sand out of her pelt.

"Great job, Yellowpaw! You've gone so far!" she exclaimed, licking Yellowpaw's ears.

Yellowpaw licked her chest in embarrassment. "I—uhh—

thanks!" she stuttered.

"No problem, Yellowpaw, but I think we're gonna move on to another part of fighting."

She tilted her head. "Huh?"

"Yeah. Partner fighting."

"Oh, cool!"

"That's not all," Ashenlight continued. "We have a special guest training with us."

"Who?"

"Okay, come in!"

A dark brown she-cat with white ears, a white tail-tip and dark blue eyes padded into the training hollow.

"Yellowpaw, meet Emberfall."

Emberfall smiled at Yellowpaw. "Hi there! What's your name?" she asked.

"Uhh, you smell like ThunderClan. Ew."

Emberfall laughed and flicked the tip of her tail onto Yellowpaw's nose, and Yellowpaw nibbled on it in response.

Emberfall pulled her tail away and wrapped it neatly around her paws.

"Yellowpaw. Are you from ThunderClan? What the heck is a ThunderClan warrior doing in the ShadowClan camp?"

Emberfall rolled her eyes. "Ashenlight, why don't you explain?"

Ashenlight nodded. "So, Scorchstar, Opalbreeze, Bluestar, Doefeather and I talked, and we thought that we'd use one of their warriors to help out. So basically, you and I are going to be partners

and Emberfall is going to be the enemy."

"Hah, makes sense," she mumbled under her breath.

"Yellowpaw," Ashenlight growled. "That's not how you treat someone from another clan who volunteered to help."

"It's alright, Ashenlight. It makes sense that she's bitter. She's never seen a ThunderClan cat in the ShadowClan camp."

Ashenlight's tail twitched. "Okay, stand back to back with me."

Yellowpaw and Ashenlight stood back to back, using their tails for balance while their hind legs were occupied.

"Now Emberfall, try to attack us," Ashenlight instructed. "Yellowpaw, remember, use your instincts!"

Emberfall leaped over to Ashenlight and Yellowpaw.

Yellowpaw forced her paw down hard on Emberfall's head, while Ashenlight leaped on her back.

"Yellowpaw, hold down on her muzzle!"

Before she could, Emberfall rolled onto her back and scratched Ashenlight's belly, with her claws sheathed.

Ashenlight laid limp on the ground.

Yellowpaw could tell that in a few moments, her mentor would explode upward and knock Emberfall off of her paws.

When Ashenlight reared up, scratching Emberfall's muzzle, Yellowpaw got hold of her tail and dragged her to the ground.

"Nice job—Yellowpaw—" Emberfall panted.

Yellowpaw let go of her tail. "Thanks!" she gasped. "You put up a fight there too."

Emberfall stood up, shook sand off her pelt, and sat down. "Ashenlight, are you going to do anything else with fighting? To me it looks like she's mastered it."

Ashenlight shrugged. "I'm not sure. You're right, she has mastered it. I think now we'll focus more on hunting."

Yellowpaw's tail flicked excitedly and her eyes widened. "Really, Ashenlight? You're not just pranking me?"

Ashenlight smiled. "Nope. Come on, let's go out and hunt!"

Emberfall glanced at Ashenlight, her dark blue eyes obviously saying that she wanted to leave.

"Oh—yep, you can leave."

"Thank you for having me!" Emberfall mewed, standing up and padding out of the training hollow alongside the other two she-cats.

"You're welcome," Ashenlight said.

They padded out of the entrance to the camp and into the pine tree-filled woods.

A plump sparrow was sitting on a small stick a tail-length away from Yellowpaw, so she dropped into the hunting crouch.

The bird looked straight at Yellowpaw and started to fly away, but Yellowpaw batted it back to the ground and swiftly finished it off.

"Nice catch, Yellowpaw."

"Thanks!"

After a while of hunting, Yellowpaw and Ashenlight carried their load of prey to the fresh-kill pile and ate.

Yellowpaw picked out a frog, something she had never tried before, and spit it out right away. "Eww!" she hissed. "What *is*

that?"

"It's prey, duh," Ashenlight chuckled, chewing on a robin.

"That's prey? It's disgusting!"

"No, not really."

"Yes it is. It is the most volatile thing I have ever tasted."

"It's really that bad?"

"No, it tastes wonderful. Duh, Ashenlight!"

"Try a little more."

"If you want me to die, then yes, I will try more. Why do you want me to eat something that tastes like it could kill me?"

Ashenlight smiled. "Fine. You don't have to eat a frog."

"Good. Jeez." Instead, Yellowpaw picked out a runt hare. She bit into it, and saliva rushed to her mouth. "Mmm, now this is prey!"

Ashenlight finished eating the robin and licked her jaws. "Glad you found something you like," she meowed.

"Mhm," she sort-of said, her mouth full.

A little while later, she swallowed the last of the hare and licked her jaws. "Now what?"

"Hmm. Hey, go hang out with your friends!"

Yellowpaw nodded. "Okay!" She padded over to Mothpaw, who was sitting with Hailpaw, Shorepaw, and Russetpaw.

"Mothpaw!" she called.

Mothpaw turned her head towards Yellowpaw and smiled. "Hey, Yellowpaw! Come sit down!" she exclaimed.

Yellowpaw sat down near her friend. "So, are we gonna do anything exciting tomorrow?"

"Uhh, I'm not sure," Russetpaw meowed. "We'll have to see what Scorchstar says."

Yellowpaw yawned. It was almost sunset, and she was getting tired from all the hunting and training she did that day.

"I'm gonna tuck in for the night. I'll see you tomorrow!"

"See ya," Mothpaw mewed, also yawning.

She padded into the apprentice's den and laid down in her moss nest, quickly falling asleep.

Chapter 6

"Yellowpaw, wake up!" Mothpaw hissed.

"Huh? Wha—" Yellowpaw mewed groggily.

"Get. Up!"

"Why...?"

"Oh, I don't know, maybe because Webblaze told us to get up because we have to fight!"

"Oh my gosh, I'm getting up, I'm getting up," Yellowpaw growled while Mothpaw continuously tugged on her tail. "Why do we have to fight anyway?"

"He said he'd tell us once all of the older apprentices got up," she said, emphasizing the older apprentices got up.

Yellowpaw stood up, shaking moss off her pelt. "Okay, let's go!"

The friends padded out of the apprentice den and into the clearing.

Webblaze was sitting on the opposite side of Opalbreeze, who was sitting on a low branch attached to a small tree.

"Oh, Yellowpaw, Mothpaw, you're here! Come on over and sit down," he meowed.

The she-cats padded over and sat down near some of the other apprentices.

"So, WindClan needs help. There's a dog over at their camp. Only one dog."

"That's good," Yellowpaw meowed.

"Yep. Not a huge threat, but it can still do a fair amount of damage. Opalbreeze is gonna send over the traveling warriors and a few apprentices."

"Meeting dismissed," Scorchstar announced.

"So we didn't have to fight!" Yellowpaw bickered.

"I didn't know!" Mothpaw argued.

"I guess you didn't, otherwise Webblaze would have mentioned it."

"Thank you for agreeing with me, finally!"

"Uhh, you're welcome!"

Mothpaw and Yellowpaw sat there for a moment, having an awkward silence.

"Okay, um, now what?" she asked Mothpaw.

"Uhh, I don't know."

"Attention, cats of ShadowClan!" Opalbreeze yelled.

Yellowpaw turned her head towards Opalbreeze.

"I have chosen the apprentices who are going with. Strikepaw, Mothpaw, and Yellowpaw, good luck."

Yellowpaw smiled at her friend. "We've been chosen together!"

Mothpaw smiled back. "Yeah."

Webblaze yowled, "Come on, let's go!"

Yellowpaw and Mothpaw followed Webblaze and the other warriors out of the camp. The traveling warriors stayed at the end of the trail of warriors.

They padded out of the pine woods and into the moorland.

The salty scent of the lake, carried by the wind, drifted towards the traveling cats and filled Yellowpaw's nostrils. Before she could say anything about it, Mothpaw meowed, "Mmm, kinda smells like prey, doesn't it? My mouth is watering."

Yellowpaw took in a big whiff of it and sighed. "Yeah, maybe mouse?" she suggested.

Mothpaw nodded, a smile forming on her face. "Makes me want breakfast for the second time today."

Mothpaw saying breakfast provoked her stomach to growl and her mouth suddenly craving a soft, plum mouse, or even a finch. "That reminds me that I haven't eaten yet. Fighting on an empty stomach sounds *fun*."

Mothpaw half held in her laughter and half let it out. "Good luck with that," she snorted.

Yellowpaw gave Mothpaw a friendly cuff over the ear, opening her mouth to tease her, then stopped when a WindClan patrol ran down a hill next to them.

Webblaze dipped his head to the patrol and beckoned with his tail for them to approach. A blue lynx point she-cat lead the patrol, and at her sides were a brown bengal tom with eyes that could make a straight tom become gay, a chocolate tom with a white muzzle and a whole white tail, a metallic sunburst yellow she-cat with white back tabby markings shaped almost like clamshells, and a chocolate mist tabby she-cat.

"Greetings, Petalfeather," Webblaze meowed.

The she-cat leading the patrol dipped her head. "Greetings. I take it that you've come to help WindClan with the dog?"

"More like pog," chuckled Strikepaw, glancing at the apprentices behind her.

"Huh—"

"Yes, we are," Webblaze replied, interrupting Yellowpaw and silencing the apprentices with a flick of his tail.

Yellowpaw closed her mouth, her tail twitching annoyedly.

Mothpaw didn't say anything, but looked at Yellowpaw and rolled her eyes.

She slightly raised her eyebrows, nodding, and giving Mothpaw a look that said "I get what you're saying."

Petalfeather's royal yellow eyes lit up, though she somehow kept her face as neutral as possible.

"Great," the bengal tom, Yewscar, meowed. "The dog's almost our size, just a little bit taller, so with you we'll be able to defeat it and make sure it stays out."

"As much as I agree with you," Mintspirit began, clawing at the ground to energize herself, "If it's our size—well, almost," she added with a correction glance from Webblaze, "Then how come you haven't gotten rid of it already?"

Petalfeather sighed, shook her right front paw, and meowed, "Our warriors haven't been the strongest. A disease spread through our Clan, and most cats caught it, so it weakened our whole Clan. We're still recovering."

Mintspirit dipped her head, and Yellowpaw followed to not seem disrespectful.

"Come in," Yewscar mewed.

Petalfeather turned around and leaped down the hill, turning her head around every so often to make sure everyone was following her.

After a little white of running they reached the WindClan camp. The space was very open, and you could especially smell the lake with there being very sparse trees. They entered the camp and Yellowpaw immediately scented a dog. She tried tracking the scent and came to the conclusion that the dog was in the medicine den.

"I think it's in the medicine den," Yellowpaw meowed, her tail twitching anxiously.

Petalfeather's eyes widened. "That's exactly right. Come on!"

A pretty large group of cats were gathered in the medicine den, and of course, the dog. It had a tag on it that said: "Stan," and underneath it, "If anyone sees this, please contact (censored). Reward is $30."

"It must be the dog version of a kittypet," meowed Mothpaw, who must've seen the tag too.

"Mhm," meowed the chocolate tom. "It—wait stop!" He broke off as the dog got into their pile of costmary.

Yellowpaw dived into the medicine den and swiped at the dog's muzzle, then a WindClan warrior pulled her away.

"Geez, I was only trying to help," she muttered, shaking her yellow pelt. "What was that for anyways?"

In front of her was a blue and cream spotted tortoiseshell she-cat with long fur and white toes. "We were thinking of returning this dog to its Twolegs. Now because of you, we have to use our hers on a mouse-brained dog!" she snapped.

"Hey, I know what you're saying," the dog said.

"What?" The tortoiseshell turned to the dog, her green eyes filled with confusion.

"Yeah, I can speak cat."

"But that's impossible," a black she-cat meowed, squeezing into the den. "No other animal knows how to. How could you?"

"I live with a cat. No, actually, two of them. Sadie and Glenn."

"Um..."

"And geez, yellow one, did you really have to do that? Now I got a

cut on my nose, and you, blue one, calling random animals mouse-brains isn't cool. That's disrespectful to mice."

"Who cares? It's not like they can understand us, except of course, you," the tortoiseshell hissed.

The black she-cat rested her tail on the tortoiseshell's shoulder. "Settle down, Robinthroat. Let's just get—" She stopped talking to read the tag. "Stan back to his Twolegs and kittypet friends."

Stan shook his head. "We don't call 'em Twolegs at my house, we call 'em Slavefolk."

Mothpaw, who had discreetly slipped into the medicine den, bursted out in laughter. Once she recomposed herself, she asked, "Why do you call them Slavefolk?"

"Cuz they get things for us, like slaves."

Mothpaw nodded in agreement, then asked, "Where's your nest?"

"House? 102 just down Faith Street in the town. It's the white house with dark gray windows and a slanted roof."

"What's a Faith street?" mewed Yellowpaw.

"What's a town?" Mothpaw added.

"What's a house? What's a window?" Robinthroat growled.

"Why don't you lead us to it?" the black she-cat suggested.

"Good idea, Breezedusk," Webblaze meowed, standing at the entrance of the medicine den.

"Alright, bet," Stan barked. He flicked his tail and led them out of the camp.

"So," Yellowpaw mewed, falling in step beside Stan. "It's white?"

"Yep."

"Great."

They followed the dog, getting lost once, and finally reached the house, where the dog dipped his head to them and ran inside.

Once the two patrols got to their borders again, they split up and went back to their territories.

ShadowClan went back to their camp.

Yellowpaw padded over to the fresh kill pile and picked out a weasel, eating it quickly and swiping her tongue around her jaws. She was about to pad over to the apprentice's den when she stepped on a thorn.

Pain shot through her paw and she limped over to the medicine den.

"Hey, hah," she mewed, nervously chuckling.

"Hello," Bloomspring meowed. "What did you do to your paw?" she added, looking at her paw.

"Yeah, I stepped on a thorn," the yellow she-cat replied, blood pooling on the ground.

The tortoiseshell nodded and padded over to Yellowpaw, gently tugging the thorn out of her paw, which barely hurt. Then she padded over to her herb storage and chewed costmary into a poultice, applied it to her wound, added some marigold as well, and wrapped her paw in cobwebs.

"Thanks!"

"No problem, also, keep off it for a while to make sure it fully heals."

"Alright."

She padded out of the medicine den, her paw feeling much better, and padded into the medicine den where Russetpaw was wailing.

"What's wrong, Russetpaw?" she asked.

"Ugh, my belly really hurts," Russetpaw moaned.

"When did it start hurting?"

"A little bit after a white cat outside of the territories gave me some red berries. They tasted gross, but the white cat said they'll make me healthier, but now I don't think that cat was telling the truth."

"You ate red berries?" Yellowpaw's eyes widened. She probably ate deathberries.

"Yeah..." Russetpaw's voice trailed off when she let out a wail.

"I'm getting Bloomspring!" Yellowpaw exclaimed, jumping to her paws.

"Okay..."

She bolted to the medicine den and explained everything to Bloomspring, who grabbed some yarrow and ran to the apprentice den alongside Yellowpaw.

"What's going on?" Fenneltail meowed at the sight of Yellowpaw and Bloomspring running to the apprentice den.

"I think Russetpaw ate deathberries," Yellowpaw mewed, her tail twitching anxiously.

"What?" Fenneltail hissed.

"Yeah, she told me that a white cat fed her red berries and after that she got a bellyache."

Fenneltail fell in step beside them and scraped her claws against the ground. "I can't believe this! What monster would feed my baby deathberries?"

"A monster," Yellowpaw replied matter-of-factly.

"I'm gonna kill whoever did that," the ember and brown spotted tabby growled.

Once they reached the medicine den, Bloomspring set down the yarrow in front of Russetpaw. At this point they had gathered a crowd of apprentices and warriors.

"Eat that," she instructed.

"Why...?" Russetpaw meowed. She sniffed it and her face shriveled up. "Ew, it stinks!"

"It'll make you feel better."

"Actually...?"

"Yes, actually."

Russetpaw licked up the herbs, grimacing the whole time, and a few heartbeats later threw up the herbs and the deathberries.

"Good job!" Bloomspring mewed.

Russetpaw smiled. "My belly feels much better."

Fenneltail cut in, "What did that cat look like?"

The russet she-cat thought for a moment. "Well, the cat was white and had pale green eyes...and smelled like rogue. A different kind, though."

"What did your surroundings look like?"

"Um...it was really wet and swampy and deathberry bushes were all over the place."

Fenneltail scraped her claws across the ground. "The swamp. Specklebird has memorized the land so well from her training that she's sure to locate that cat."

Bloomspring rested her tail on Fenneltail's shoulder. "Don't get too hasty, Fenneltail, I know you care about Russetpaw but I know she's fine now. And besides, there's nothing we can really do."

"You don't understand," Fenneltail hissed. "Russetpaw is one of my

daughters, so I care about her the most, but this cat could get others killed, especially kits and maybe elders."

The medicine cat nodded. "I understand how you feel, but you can't kill that cat for no reason."

"I have a reason."

"I know you do, but the warrior code specifically says to only kill for self defense. You don't want to be a code breaker do you?" the tortoiseshell mewed.

Fenneltail rolled her eyes. "If it means protecting my daughters from any further harm, I'll break the code and certainly won't be ashamed of it."

Bloomspring sighed and padded out of the medicine den, returning a few heartbeats later with Specklebird behind her.

"What?" Fenneltail meowed.

"I'm having Specklebird go with you."

"Everywhere?"

"Everywhere."

"What? Why?" she exclaimed.

"Because we can't trust you to not kill that cat."

"No. No, I have to! I need to protect my daughters!"

"Mom, it's okay," Russetpaw meowed. "I understand how you feel, but we probably won't see that rogue anymore."

Fennaltail sighed and sat down, looking defeated. "I suppose you're right. I'm gonna get some moss and help clean up."

Bloomspring held her tail in front of Fenneltail. "It's alright, Fenneltail, I'll take care of it."

Fenneltail pushed Bloomspring's tail to the ground. "No, if you

don't mind, I can take care of my daughters myself," she hissed, stalking out of the medicine den to find some fresh moss.

Yellowpaw, shaken up from the scene that had unfolded in front of her, padded out of the den and out into the pine forest.

She followed the scent marks deeper and deeper into the territory, her mind finally clearing as she opened her jaws and tasted the pine, then stopped abruptly at the new scent of loners.

"Wh—who's there?" she mewed.

She was approaching a swampy area, and mixed with the scent of loner was the sharp scent of deathberries. This must have been the place that Russetpaw was describing, when the loner fed her those deathberries, saying that it would make her healthier.

A white cat shouldered its way through the ferns, exactly matching the description Russetpaw had said of the cat that fed her deathberries, followed by a brown mackerel tabby with a darker brown tail and menacing-looking eyes stalking out of the shadows more slowly.

"Who are you?" Yellowpaw mewed, her voice trembling, and slowly backing farther away from them, who were slowly moving closer.

"It's alright," a deep male voice said, coming from the white cat. "I'm Tansy, and this is my friend, Blackfang."

Blackfang opened her mouth in a small smile, revealing incredibly sharp-looking fangs. A deep, yet feminine voice meowed, "It's okay, we're friendly." She took a step forward and Yellowpaw shrank back further.

The she-cat sat down, hurt sparkling in her eyes.

Tansy rubbed his tail along Blackfang's back, his pale green eyes briefly glittering with anger.

Blackfang stuck one of her long claws into a deathberry, tugged it down, yanked her claw out of it, and rolled it to Yellowpaw.

"Despite what you did to me, have a berry," she meowed, wiping her paw and claw off on the ground.

Yellowpaw's eyes traveled to her paw, and back to the deathberry sitting a tail-length away from her.

"Come on, don't be scared, it'll make you healthier," Tansy added, pushing it a little closer to her.

Her eyes fixed on Tansy's and she glared at him. "That's what you said to Russetpaw when you gave her one of these *vile* berries," she snarled.

"Who's Russetpaw?"

"The cat you fed this deathberry to. You could've killed her!"

Blackfang shook her head. "Tansy tells me about the cats he feeds these to." At the last moment, she must have realized what she said, because her eyes widened and she covered her mouth with her tail.

Tansy flashed her a glare, then crept closer to Yellowpaw, his claws unsheathed. "And how do you know this?"

"Because I was the one who discovered that she had eaten them. She told me," she meowed, backing farther away.

The white tom tore at the grass under him. "She told you?" he hissed.

"Yeah."

"She said that—I can't believe this." He squished the deathberry under his large paws as he stalked towards her.

"What are you doing...?" she mewed as he kept following her.

He raised a paw, looking as if he were about to pounce, when miraculously a RiverClan patrol leaped out of the ferns that Yellowpaw was backing into, and two cats shoved Tansy off his paws.

"W—what's going on?" he meowed innocently.

One of the RiverClan warriors, who she recognized to be Mumbleheart, was raking his claws on the ground, his fur neck fur bristling, and his tail fluffed up, hissed, "You know exactly what's going on. You fed one of our kits deathberries. She told you her name."

"I dunno what you're talking about!"

"Yes, you do. Remember? Pinekit? Well, she *died.*"

Yellowpaw could not believe that Tansy had tried to murder Russetpaw, and murdered a kit, as well as many other cats.

"You're lying!" growled Tansy.

A brown bengal she-cat hissed, "I wish he was, but unfortunately for you, I have her mother here with me."

A/N I AM SO SORRY I WAS SO INACTIVE OH MAH GEE- I'll try to be more active now-

Chapter 7

The RiverClan warrior stepped aside to reveal a ginger mackerel tabby cat, whose eyes were burning with fury.

She took several paces over to Tansy, who was still laying on the ground, and stood over him as if he were a mouse and she was about to catch him.

"You killed my daughter," she snarled softly. "You fed her deathberries."

Tansy scoffed. "You don't have any proof!"

"Everyone in RiverClan knows," Mumblefoot growled.

A silver she-cat nodded. "You can't hide it from us," she hissed.

Tansy growled at the she-cat standing over her. He raised his paw again to scratch the ginger she-cat's eyes, but she yanked it down with her teeth and dug them into his throat.

Blood pulsed out of his throat and spilled onto her muzzle. He flailed his paws around in the air, desperately trying to land them on the ginger she-cat to push away from her.

"Gingerfall, that's enough!" the bengal she-cat hissed. She grasped the she-cat's scruff in her jaws and pulled her off of the tom whose fur was now bloodstained.

Gingerfall wiped her jaws on a leaf and stared at the white tom.

His body jerked one time and laid still. Glazed eyes stared at Blackfang, who was staring back in horror.

"You—you killed him!" she cried. She buried her head in his fur.

Yellowpaw's eyes widened. What even happened that day? She stared at the now dead rogue laying on the ground, feeling traumatized, but a little voice inside her said she liked it.

She thought for a moment, wanting to do that to the badger that had killed her mother, then pushed the thought aside. The badger must have been long gone by now, and besides, she was only an apprentice, so that wouldn't happen.

"Th—thank you," she mewed to the RiverClan patrol.

"You should've been more careful, kid, wandering around in the forest alone," Mumblefoot snapped.

Yellowpaw lowered her head. "Y—yeah, I suppose you're right..." *Great, they're telling me I should be more careful when I could've died!*

"Let's get you back to your camp."

Yellowpaw followed the RiverClan cats out of the swamp and back to the ShadowClan camp. She thanked them and headed inside, but was flanked by the bengal she-cat, who introduced herself as Jaguarpelt.

Ashenlight leaped over to the two she-cats, her eyes filled with worry and happiness. "Yellowpaw, where were you? I was so worried, I was looking all over for you!" she exclaimed. Once she noticed the RiverClan warrior standing next to her apprentice, she added, "And what are you doing here, Jaguarpelt?"

Jaguarpelt dipped her head and stepped a little farther away from Yellowpaw. "Yellowpaw, here, was taking a walk and ended up in a swamp where this white cat with spr—" she got cut off by Ashenlight, who meowed, "Spring bud eyes?"

The RiverClan she-cat nodded. "You know about him?"

"Of course," Ashenlight meowed, sitting down. "He fed deathberries to one of our apprentices, Russetpaw. Luckily Yellowpaw was there to tell Bloomspring about it, and Russetpaw is fine now. Do you know much about him?"

Jaguarpelt's eyes darkened. "He fed deathberries to Pinekit, one of the youngest and most naive kits in our Clan...and she died."

Ashenlight let out a quiet gasp. "I'm so sorry. I need to warn Scorchstar so he can tell the Clans at the next Gathering."

"No, there's no need," Jaguarpelt sighed. "Pinekit's mother killed him. It wasn't the best decision, but at least we don't have to deal with him hurting any other cats."

The raw umber she-cat nodded. "Should I still warn him of the possibility that this rogue had a group?"

"Wait," Yellowpaw cut in. "There was one other cat he was with. It was a brown tabby whose name is Blackfang."

"That's very good information, Yellowpaw," Ashenlight chirped. "I'll tell Scorchstar to keep an eye out right away. And, thank you for bringing her here," she added to the RiverClan warrior.

Jaguarpelt dipped her head. "Of course. I'll be going back to RiverClan now. I'll see you at the Gathering." With a flick of her tail, she turned her back and bounded away.

Yellowpaw padded into the apprentice's den and laid down on the soft moss. All that fighting and drama had emotionally exhausted her, so all that mattered to her at that moment was sleep.

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Yellowpaw yawned. By the time she woke up the stars of Silverpelt were starting to shine, and the Clan was getting ready to go to the Gathering. Quillwatcher and Heathershine were talking, while Heathershine's kits were playing around them. Hollystreak and Boulderpelt were also playing with the kits, while near the nursery, Silverwillow and Sparkwind, Yellowpaw's father, were fighting about something or other.

Her dad hadn't really spent much time with her. After her mother's death, he started to pay a little more attention to her, since he figured her mother had entertained her enough, and now that

she was gone he was the only parent Yellowpaw had.

Mothpaw padded over to Yellowpaw and sat down. "Hey, you okay?" she mewed.

"Oh, alright, I guess," she meowed. "I'm a little shaken up still, but better."

"That's good."

"Yep."

Awkward silence.

"So, are you coming to the Gathering?" Mothpaw asked.

"I'm not sure," Yellowpaw replied. "I was sleeping, so I dunno."

Heathershine angled her ears towards the two friends talking. "Oh, I overheard what you were talking about, pardon that, and Opalbreeze said you will be coming."

"Oh alright," Mothpaw cut in. "I'm going too!"

"Great!"

She picked out a vole from the pile, and began to eat it when she saw Strikepaw bound into the camp carrying a large, colorful bird.

"Whoa, what's that?" she meowed, gesturing with her tail to the black and white she-cat carrying the bird into camp.

"I dunno," replied Quillwatcher, who had apparently been listening. "When she gets over here, let's ask her."

Strikepaw padded over to the fresh-kill pile and dropped the colorful bird into it, a proud smile plastered on her face.

"Strikepaw, what's that?" Mothpaw mewed to the older apprentice.

"I dunno, I just saw it on the ground near a hazel tree. I sniffed it, and it smelled freshly killed, so I just thought I'd bring it back to camp."

"Ooh, that's cool!" Yellowpaw meowed. "Maybe we could mention that at the Gathering tonight. Speaking of which, are you coming?"

Strikepaw sighed. "No, Petalmoon told me I have to take extra care of Smokepatch and Windleap tonight, and Moleleg wants me to help with their ticks as well."

"Aw, that sucks."

"Yeah—"

"Strikepaw, Smokepatch and Windleap's moss beds aren't going to clean themselves!" Petalmoon called from across the camp.

Strikepaw sighed and rolled her eyes. "Gotta go. Have a good time at the Gathering," she meowed, padding to meet her mentor.

"See ya!" Mothpaw called back. "Strikepaw's cool. I should hang out with her more, don't ya think?"

"Uh—yeah!" Yellowpaw replied, trying her best not to sound jealous. Mothpaw was her best friend, though. She wouldn't just become best friends with another cat and leave Yellowpaw's life...would she?

Mothpaw grinned. "Thanks for not being jealous." She touched Yellowpaw's muzzle with the side of her face and sprang to her paws.

"No problem..." Yellowpaw meowed, her voice trailing off as she watched Mothpaw pick a robust rabbit out of the pile and carrying it to the nursery.

She pushed the thought aside. Mothpaw had been there through everything with her, so why would she like her any less?

Instead, she replaced it with the gathering. She wondered what

the leaders were going to talk about this time. Maybe new kits or warriors? Hopefully nothing bad, like a badger or fox or dogs.

She shivered thinking about a badger invading RiverClan. A strong, young, healthy badger had invaded the ShadowClan camp a few moons earlier and killed her mother. Hopefully the same didn't have to happen to another cat.

She stood up and stretched, then took a shrew from the fresh-kill pile. She finished it in a few gulps and padded over to Opalbreeze, who was pacing impatiently in front of the entrance to camp.

"Opalbreeze, is it almost time to leave?" she asked the tall warrior, who had finally settled down on a clump of ferns.

"Almost. I'm just waiting for a few cats to come back from their hunting patrol, and then we can leave," the deputy responded, flicking her tail.

At that moment, Webblaze, Blossomtail, Clovetail, Crowcall, and Cherryleaf padded into camp, carrying tons of prey in their jaws.

"Do you need any help with that?" Opalbreeze meowed, rising to her paws. Though they didn't answer, she padded over to them and batted some prey Clovetail had been shoving over to herself, then picked it up and began to move towards the fresh-kill pile.

Clovetail dipped her head gratefully and followed her to the pile. The rest of the patrol did the same, and then they gathered at the entrance to wait for the others coming to the Gathering.

Yellowpaw ran into the nursery, where Mothpaw was energetically talking to Strikepaw's mother, Moleleg, and baffed her on the nose.

"Hey," Mothpaw laughed, then looked at the impatience on Yellowpaw's face. "Time for the Gathering already?"

"Yep," Yellowpaw meowed. "See ya later, Moleleg. Come on, Mothpaw!"

Her best friend nodded and meowed her goodbyes to Moleleg, then padded with Yellowpaw to the entrance of the camp.

Almost all of the cats chosen to go had gathered. Rustleface was one of the stragglers, leaning on Fogpond with Lavenderspot next to him.

Just a few days before, on a border patrol, they had encountered a ThunderClan patrol that had badly wounded Rustleface's legs.

Far behind the three, Tawnytail was limping over to the gathering cats, when Hailpaw ran up beside her.

"T—Tawnytail," she panted.

"What?" the she-cat meowed, scanning the blind she-cat.

"Bloomspring told me to tell you that since you reopened your scars a little during the badger attack, you can't go to the Gathering."

"Aww, come on." Tawnytail rolled her eyes. "I'm not an apprentice. I can take care of myself."

"Hey, that's offensive."

"You're offensive. Just—why don't you tell Bloomspring that I'll be fine without her watching me like a fox?"

"Sorry, Bloomspring's order," Hailpaw meowed.

Tawnytail sighed and limped over to the warrior's den.

Bloomspring padded over to Hailpaw and flicked her tail on her nose, then padded next to Opalbreeze.

Finally, Scorchstar bounded over to his deputy and medicine cat and looked over the cats chosen to go to the Gathering.

"Is everyone here?" he meowed to Opalbreeze.

She nodded and fixed her neon blue gaze on Rustleface. "Will you be alright to go?"

He nodded. "I'll be fine."

"If your leg starts acting up more, come straight back, alright?" Bloomspring meowed.

"Alright."

Strikepaw caught Mothpaw and Yellowpaw leaving, and she dipped her head and twitched her ears, saying goodbye.

Mothpaw waved her tail at Strikepaw, and bounded towards the cats going to the Gathering, who were almost completely out of the camp.